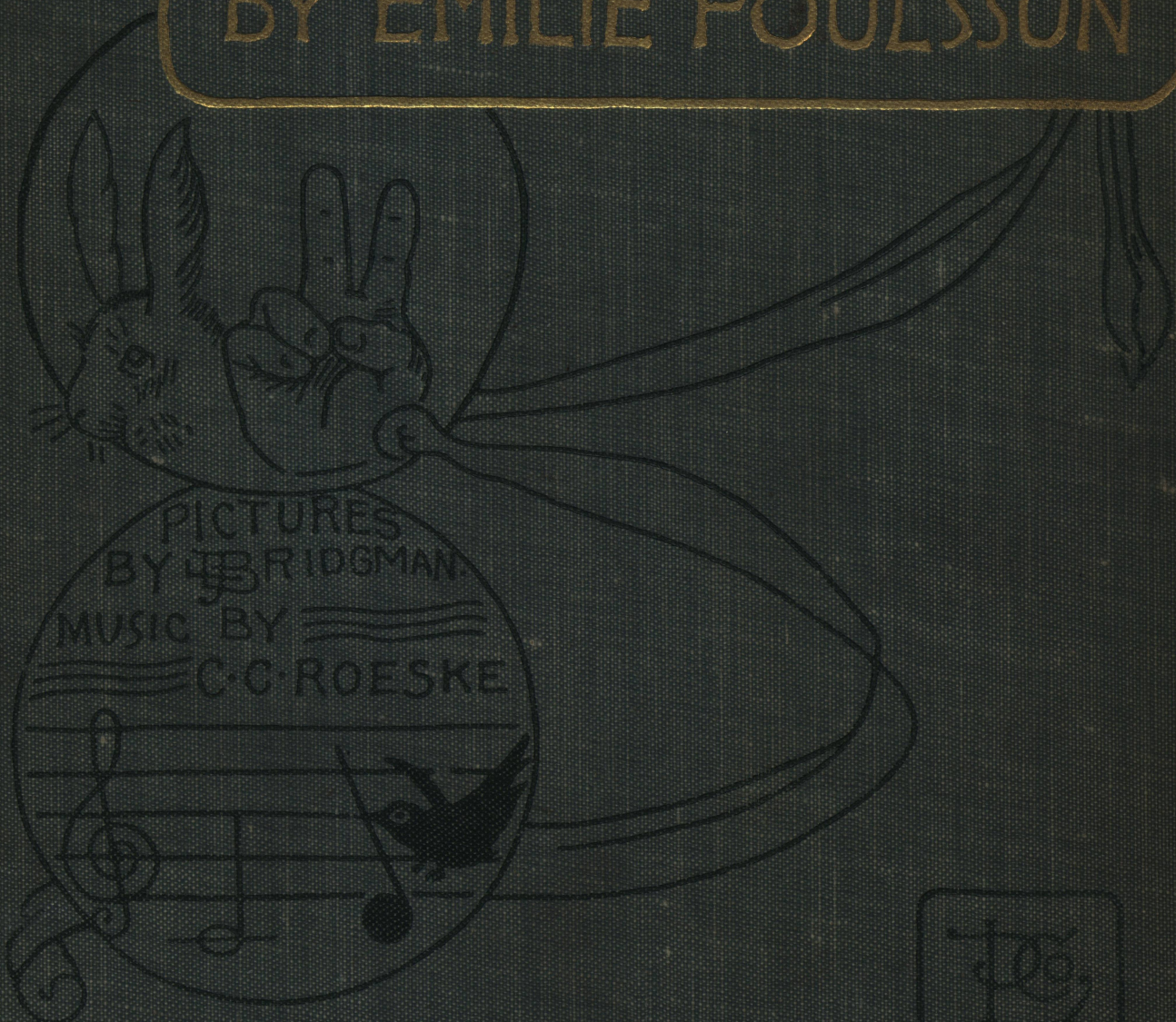


FINGER PLAYS:

BY EMILIE POULSSON



PICTURES

BY BRIDGMAN

MUSIC BY

C. C. ROESKE





a. g. Rympton.

OUR NURSERY AND THE DELIGHT WE HAVE IN IT.

FINGER PLAYS

FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN

BY

EMILIE POULSSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. J. BRIDGMAN

MUSIC BY

CORNELIA C. ROESKE

FORTY-NINTH THOUSAND

BOSTON

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

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DEDICATED
TO
LITTLE CHILDREN

AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN

BY THEIR FRIEND,

EMILIE POULSSON.

PREFACE.

"WHAT the child imitates," says Froebel, "he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance."

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowed over "Pat-a-cake" and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

"Here is the church,
And here's the steeple,
Open the doors,
And here are the people!"

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their *raison d'être*. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in BABYLAND, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays "All for Baby" throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might — while children seven or eight years of age play and sing "The Caterpillar," "How the Corn Grew" and others with very evident enjoyment

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kindergartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still farther, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described :

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction for the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the last verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Boston, 1889.

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I.

THE LITTLE MEN.



NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

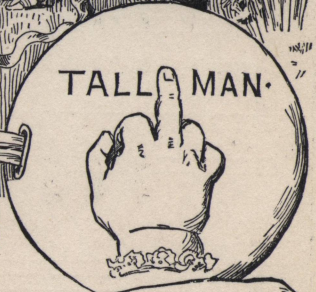
I.—THE LITTLE MEN.

Oh! where are the merry, merry Little Men
To join us in our play?
And where are the busy, busy Little Men
To help us work to-day?

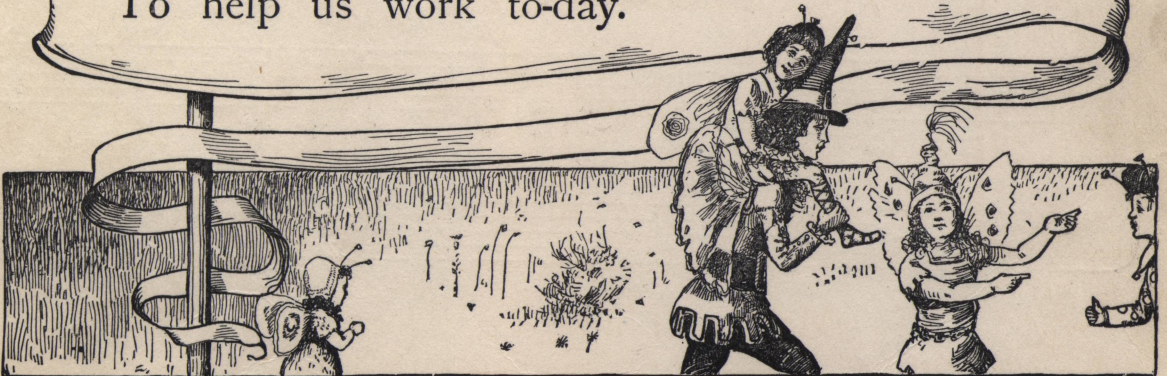


Upon each hand
A little band
For work or play is ready.
The first to come
Is Master Thumb;
Then Pointer, strong and steady;

Then Tall Man high;
And just close by
The Feeble Man doth linger;
And last of all,
So fair and small,
The baby — Little Finger.



Yes! here are the merry, merry Little Men
To join us in our play;
And here are the busy, busy Little Men
To help us work to-day.



THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

Oh! where are the mer - ry,

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the bass and a half note A3 in the treble, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

mer - ry Lit - tle Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B4, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line.

help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a lit - tle band For work or play is

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B4, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord in both hands.

read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y; Then

Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - ble Man doth lin - ger; And last of all, So

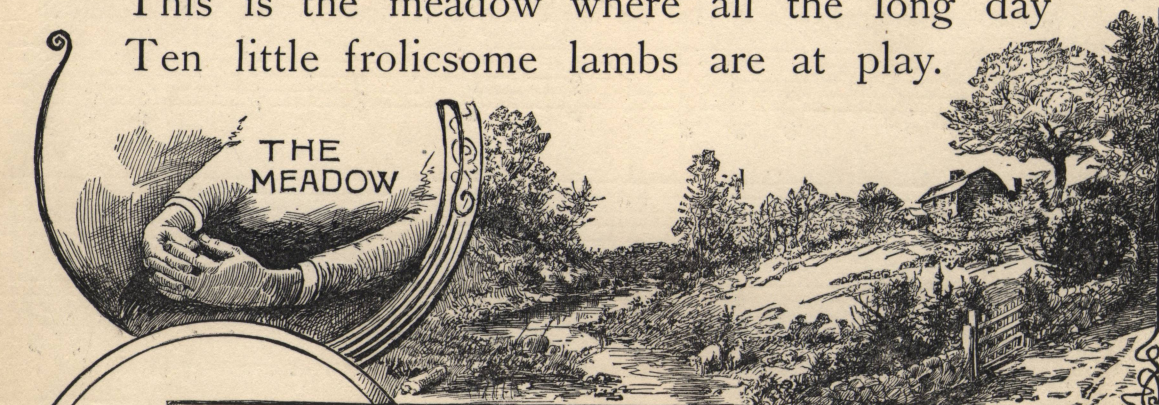
fair and small, The ba - by—Lit - tle Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Lit - tle Men To

join us in our play; And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To help us work to - day.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

II.— THE LAMBS.

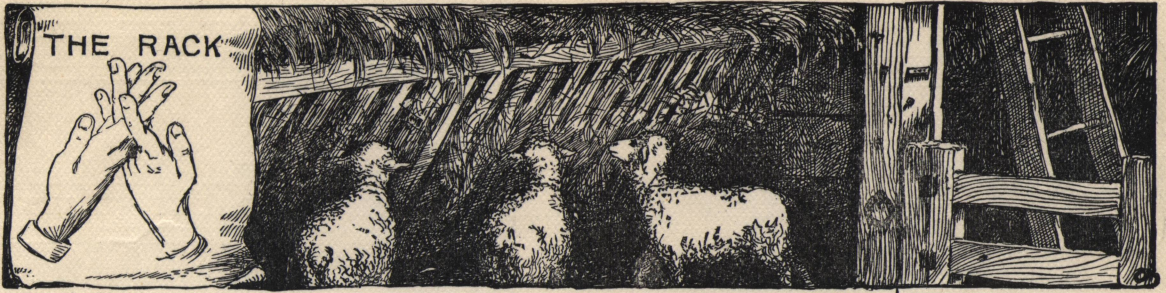
This is the meadow where all the long day
Ten little frolicsome lambs are at play.



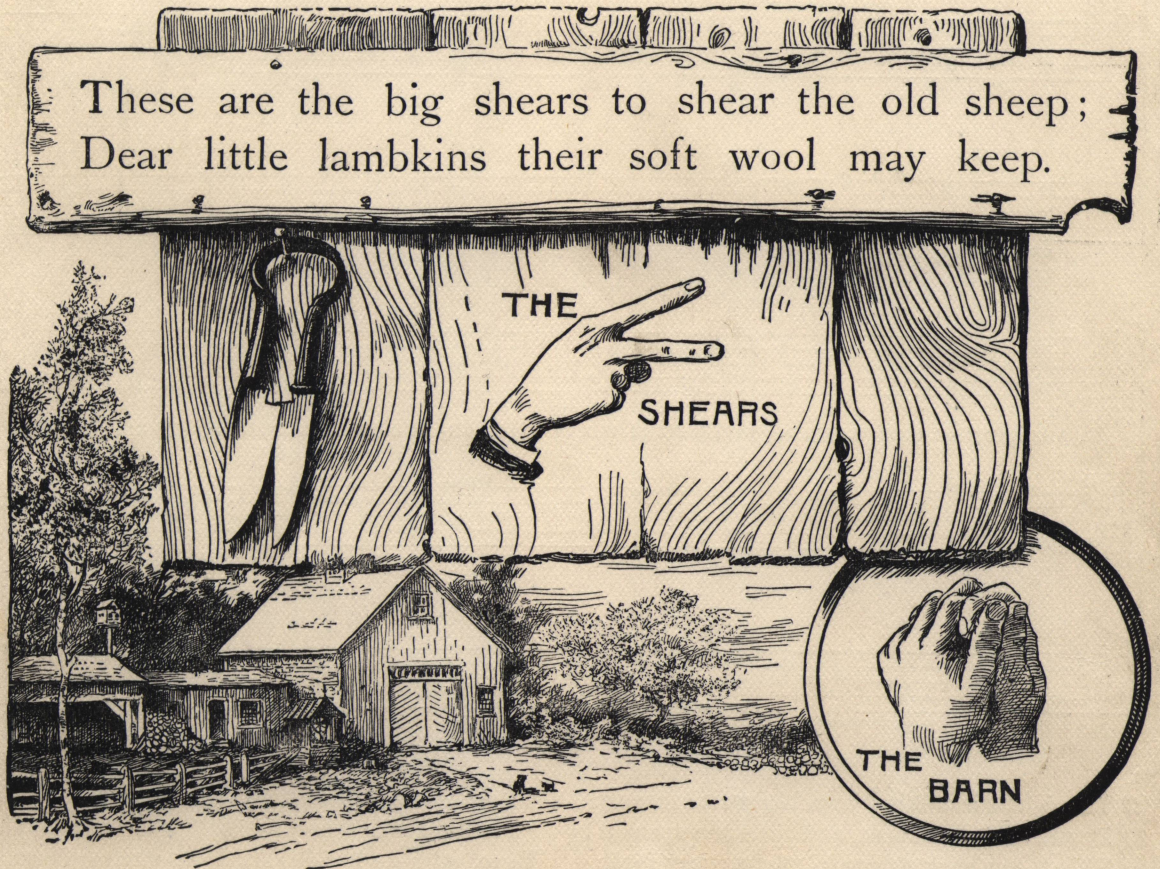
These are the measures the good farmer brings
Salt in, or cornmeal, and other good things.



This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!



This is the rack where in winter they feed;
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.

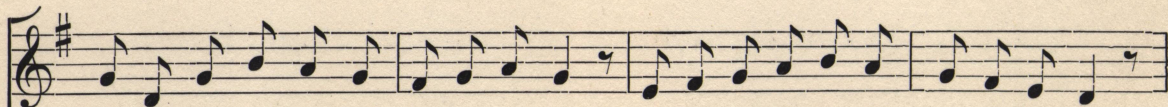


Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

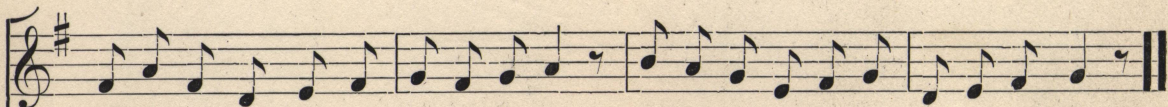
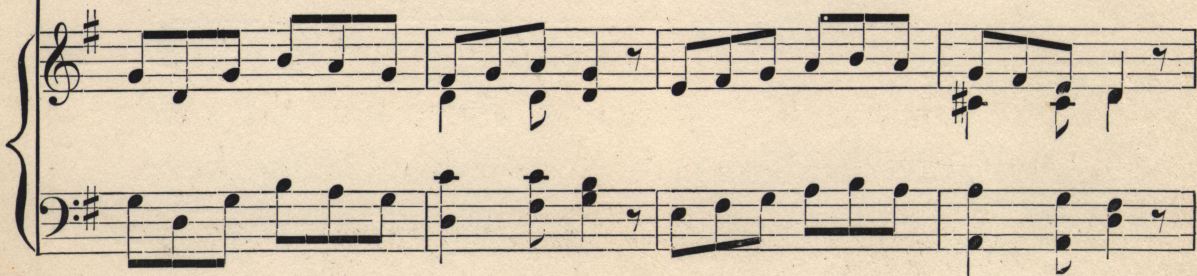
THE LAMBS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. This is the mead-ow where all the long day Ten lit-tle frolicsome lambs are at play.



These are the measures the good farmer brings Salt in, or corn meal, and oth-er good things.



2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;
 Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!
 This is the rack where in winter they feed;
 Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.

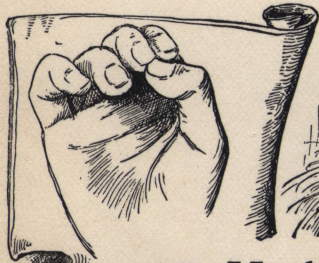
3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep;
 Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep.
 Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,
 This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

III.
THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

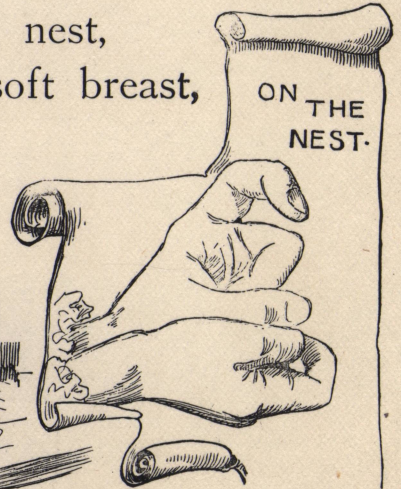
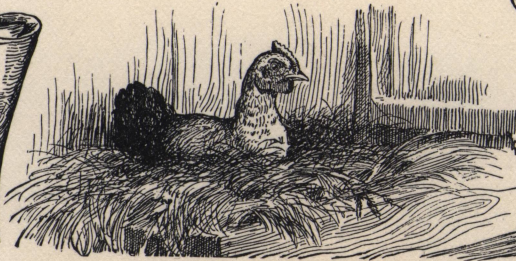


III.—THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Good Mother Hen sits here on her nest,
Keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast,
Waiting, waiting, day after day.



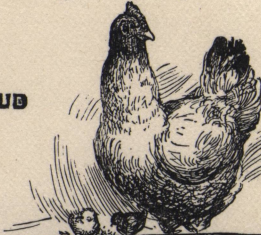
ON THE
NEST.



BREAKING
THE
SHELL

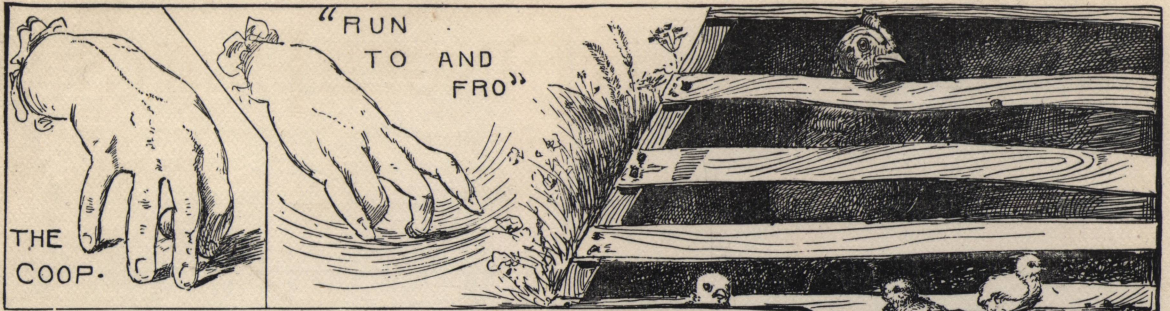
Hark! there's a sound she knows very well:
Some little chickens are breaking the shell,
Pecking, pecking, pecking away.

HAPPY
AND
PROUD



Now they're all out, Oh, see what a crowd!
Good Mother Hen is happy and proud,
Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, clucking away.





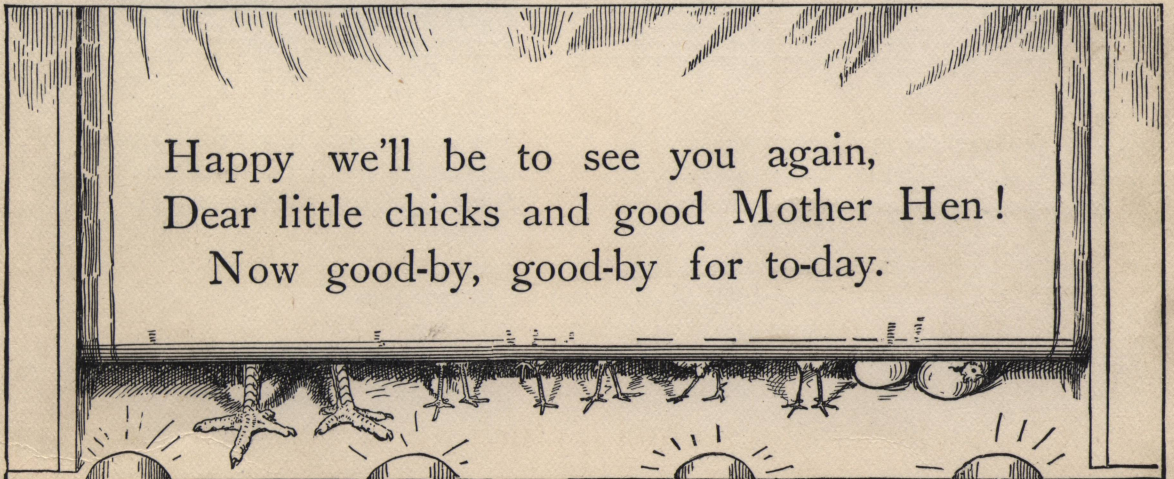
Into the coop the mother must go;
But all the chickens run to and fro,
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.



Here is some corn in my little dish;
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,
Picking, picking, picking away.



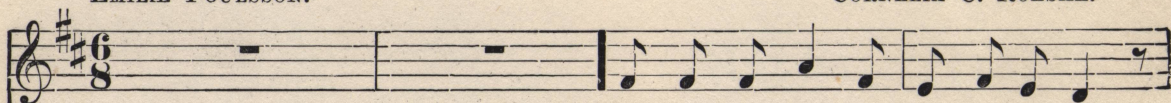
Happy we'll be to see you again,
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen!
Now good-by, good-by for to-day.



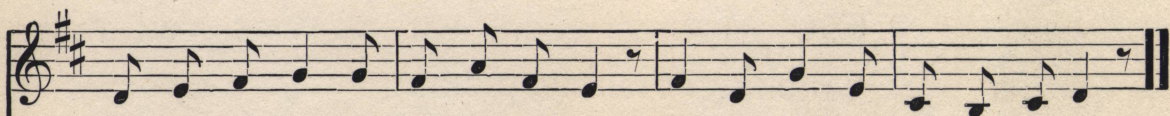
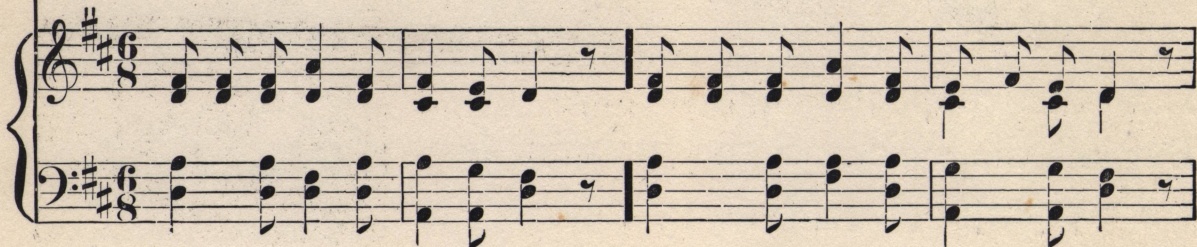
THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

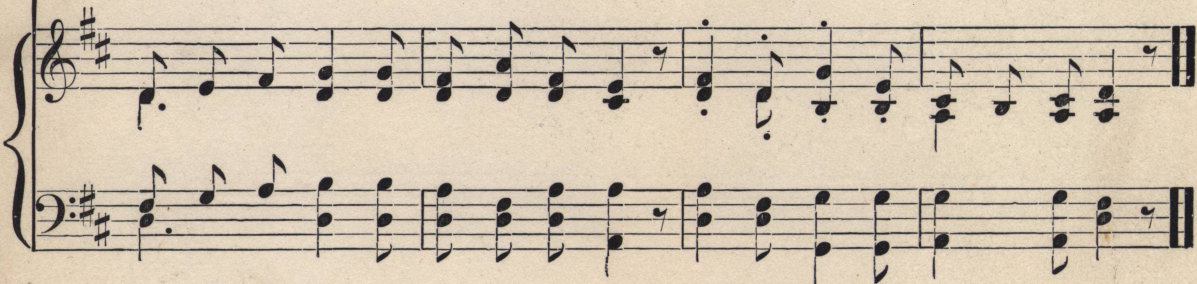
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Good Moth - er Hen sits here on her nest,
2. Hark ! there's a sound she knows ver - y well :
3. Now they're all out, oh, see what a crowd !



Keeps the eggs warm be-neath her soft breast, Wait-ing, wait-ing, day af - ter day.
 Some lit - tle chick - ens breaking the shell, Peck - ing, peck-ing, peck - ing a - way.
 Good Moth-er Hen is hap - py and proud, Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, cluck-ing a - way.



4 Into the coop the mother must go ;
 While all the chickens run to and fro,
 Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.

5 Here is some corn in my little dish ;
 Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish.
 Picking, picking, picking away.

6 Happy we'll be to see you again,
 Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen !
 Now good-bye, good-bye for to-day.

IV.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

IV. — THE LITTLE PLANT.



THE BED.



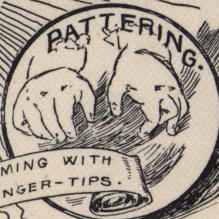
THE RAKE.

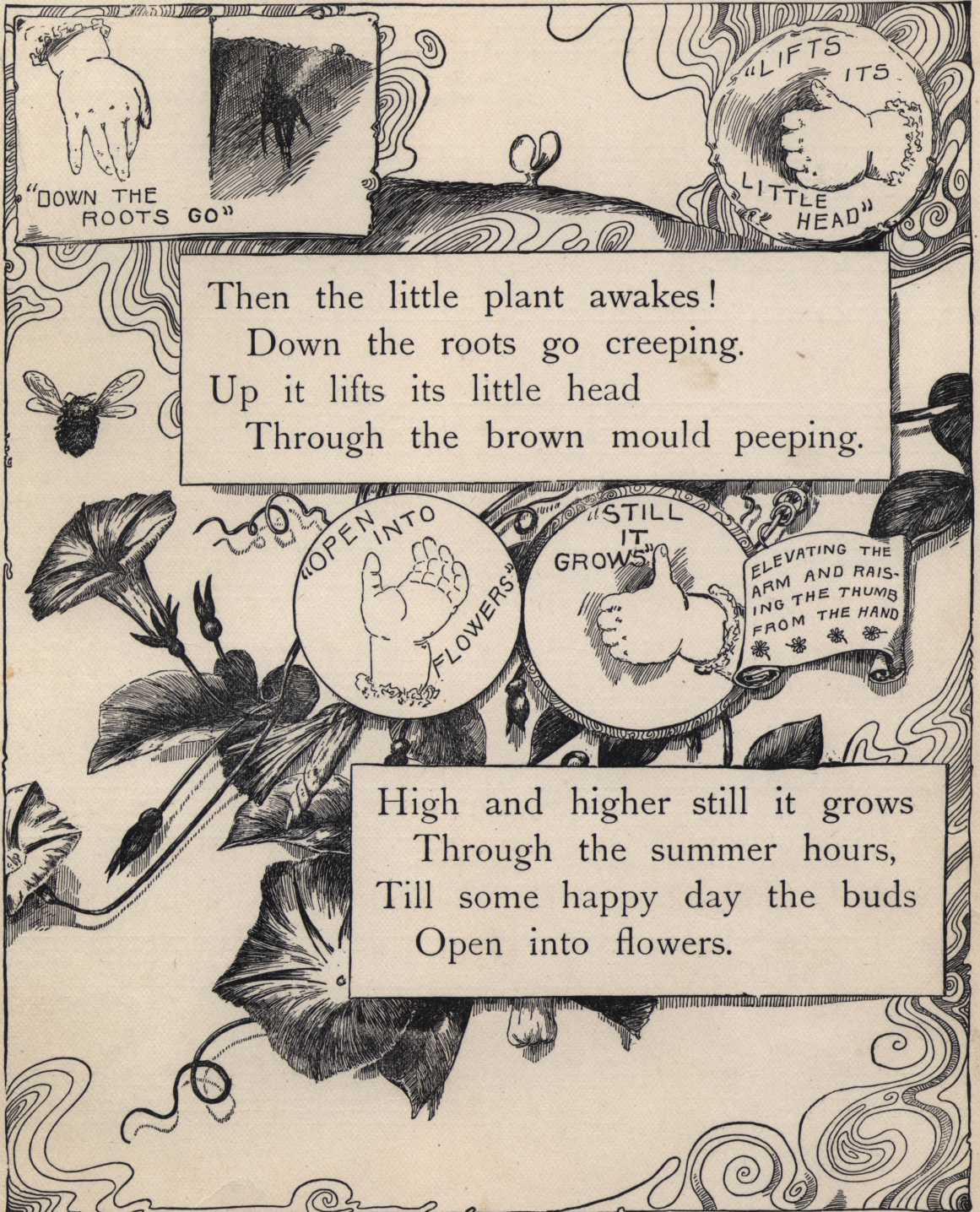
SEEDS
I SOW.WITH
SOFT
EARTH
COVER.

In my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

THE
GREAT
ROUND
SUN.

Shining down, the great round sun
Smiles upon it often;
Little raindrops, pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

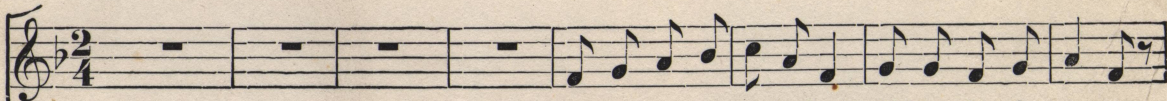
PATTERING.
DRUMMING WITH
THE FINGER-TIPS.



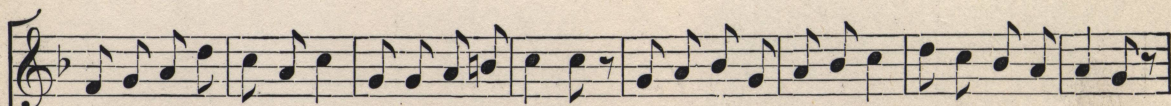
THE LITTLE PLANT.

EMILIE POULSSON.

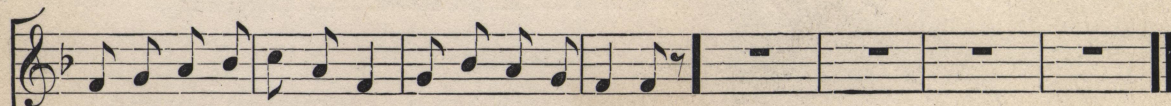
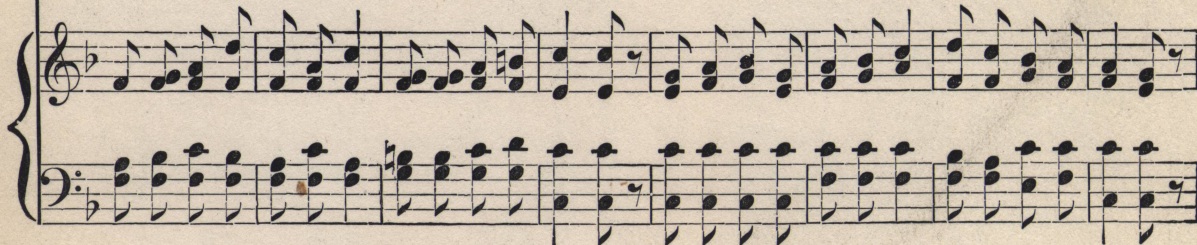
C. C. ROESKE.



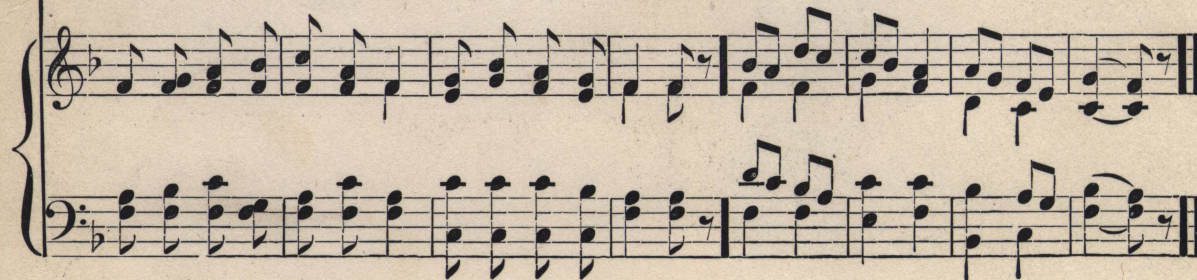
1. In my lit - tle garden bed Rak'd so nice - ly o - ver,
 2. Then the lit - tle plant awakes! Down the roots go creeping.



First the ti - ny seeds I sow, Then with soft earth cover. Shining down, the great round sun Smiles upon it often;
 Up it lifts its little head Thro' the brown mould peeping. High and higher still it grows Thro' the summer hours,



Little raindrops, patt'ring down, Help the seeds to soft-en.
 Till some hap - py day the buds O - pen in - to flow-ers.

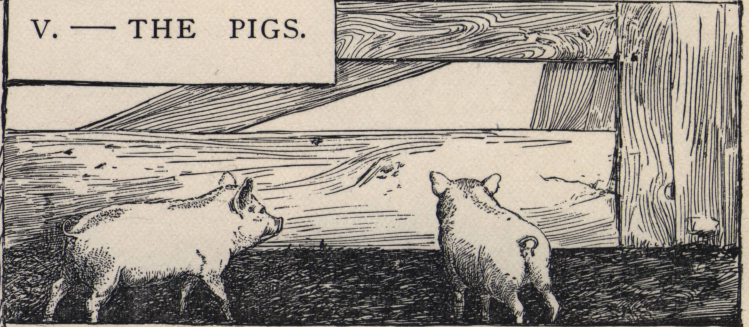
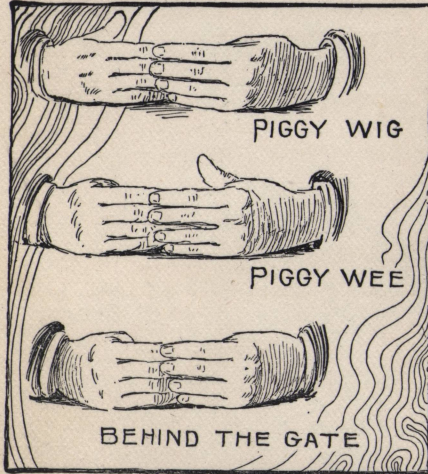


V.

THE PIGS.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

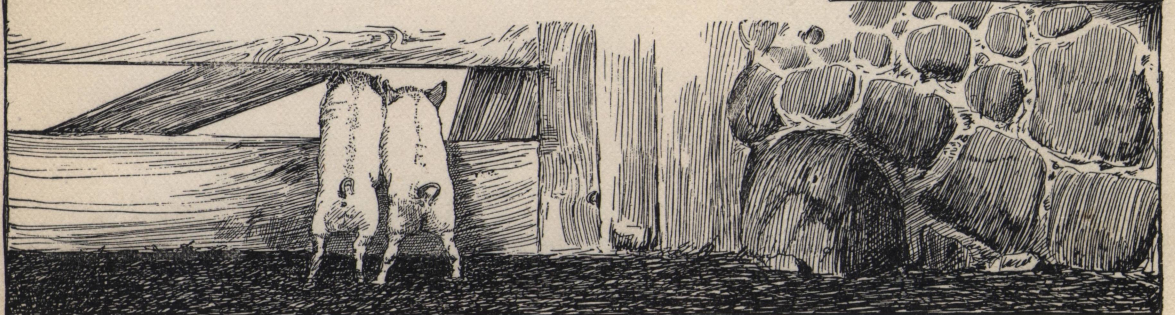
V. — THE PIGS.



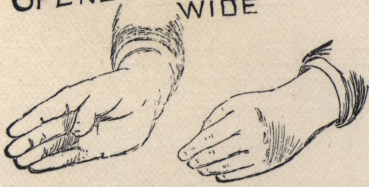
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
Hungry pigs as pigs could be,
For their dinner had to wait
Down behind the barnyard gate.



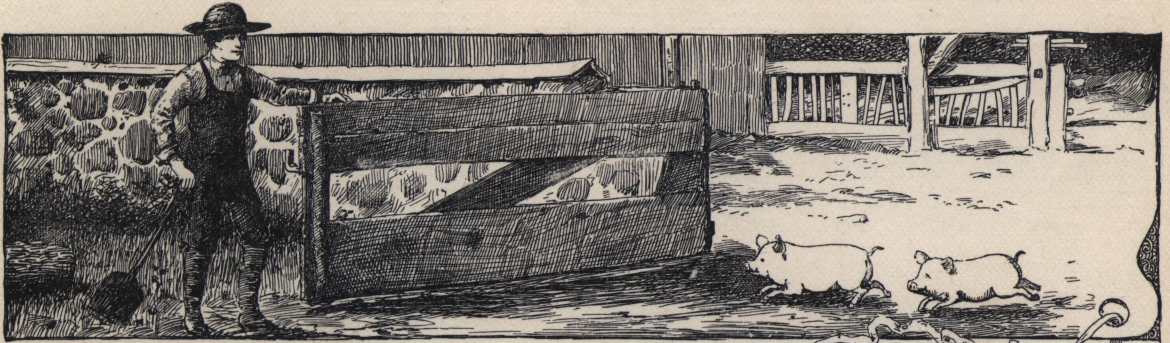
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
Climbed the barnyard gate to see,
Peeping through the gate so high,
But no dinner could they spy.



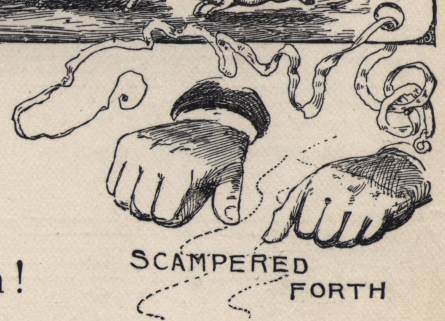
OPENED
WIDE



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
Got down sad as pigs could be;
But the gate soon opened wide
And they scampered forth outside.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
What was their delight to see
Dinner ready not far off—
Such a full and tempting trough!



SCAMPERED
FORTH



THE
TROUGH

IN
THEY
FELL



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,
For their dinner ran pell-mell;
In the trough both piggies fell.

THE PIGS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Pig - gie Wig and Pig-gie Wee,

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Hun - gry pigs as pigs could be, For their din - ner had to wait Down behind the barn-yard gate.

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
Climbed the barn-yard gate to see,
Peeping through the gate so high,
But no dinner could they spy.

3 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
Got down sad as pigs could be;
But the gate soon opened wide
And they scampered forth outside.

4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
What was their delight to see
Dinner ready not far off —
Such a full and tempting trough!

5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,
For their dinner ran pell-mell;
In the trough both piggies fell.

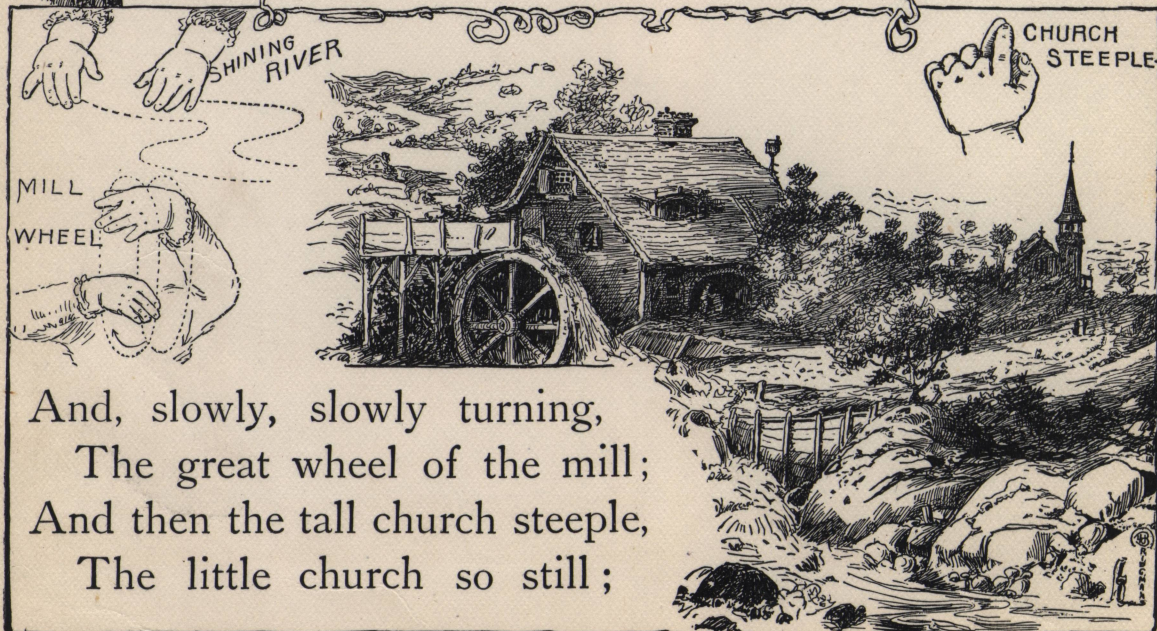
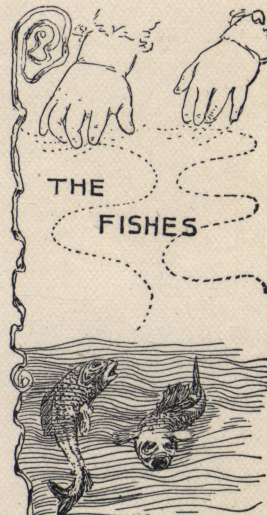
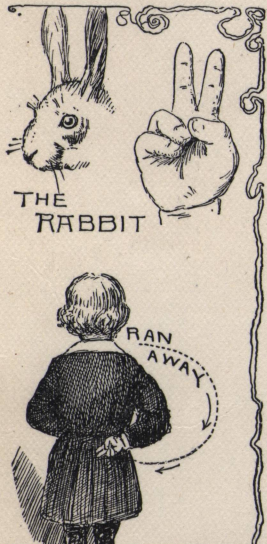
VI.

A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

VI. — A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

A little boy went walking
 One lovely summer's day:
 He saw a little rabbit
 That quickly ran away;
 He saw a shining river
 Go winding in and out,
 And little fishes in it
 Were swimming all about;

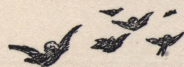
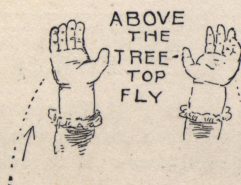
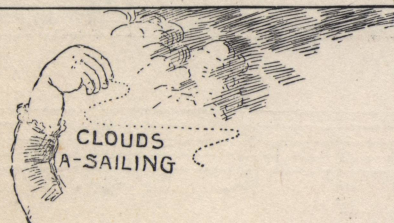


And, slowly, slowly turning,
 The great wheel of the mill;
 And then the tall church steeple,
 The little church so still;

The bridge above the water;
 And when he stopped to rest,
 He saw among the bushes
 A wee ground-sparrow's nest.



And as he watched the birdies
 Above the tree-tops fly,
 He saw the clouds a-sailing
 Across the sunny sky.



FLOWERS



He saw the insects playing;
 The flowers that summer brings;
 He said, "I'll go tell mamma!
 I've seen *so many* things!"



A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

A lit-tle boy went walk-ing One
And slow-ly, slow-ly turn-ing, The
And as he watched the bird-ies A-

lovely summer's day: He saw a lit-tle rab-bit That quickly ran a-way; He saw a shin-ing
great wheel of the mill; And then the tall church steeple, The little church so still; The bridge above the
bove the tree-tops fly, He saw the clouds a-sail-ing A-cross the sun-ny sky. He saw the in-sects

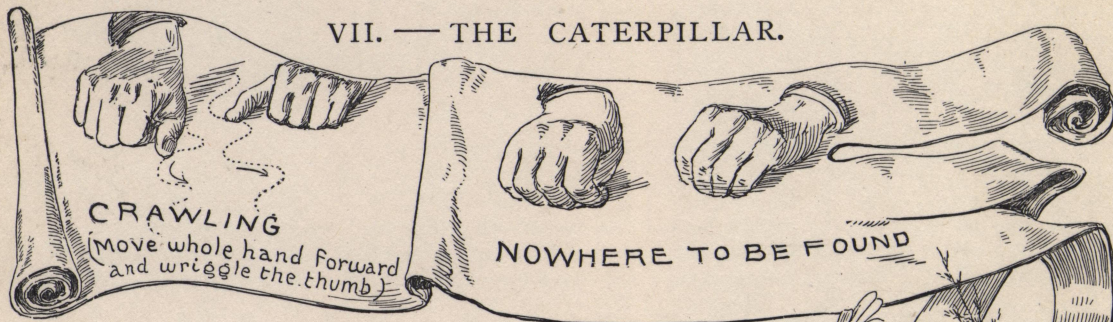
riv-er Go wind-ing in and out, And lit-tle fish-es in it Were swimming all a-bout.
wa-ter; And when he stopped to rest, He saw among the bush-es A wee ground-sparrow's nest.
play-ing; The flowers that summer brings; He said, "I'll go tell Mamma! I've seen so man-y things."

VII.

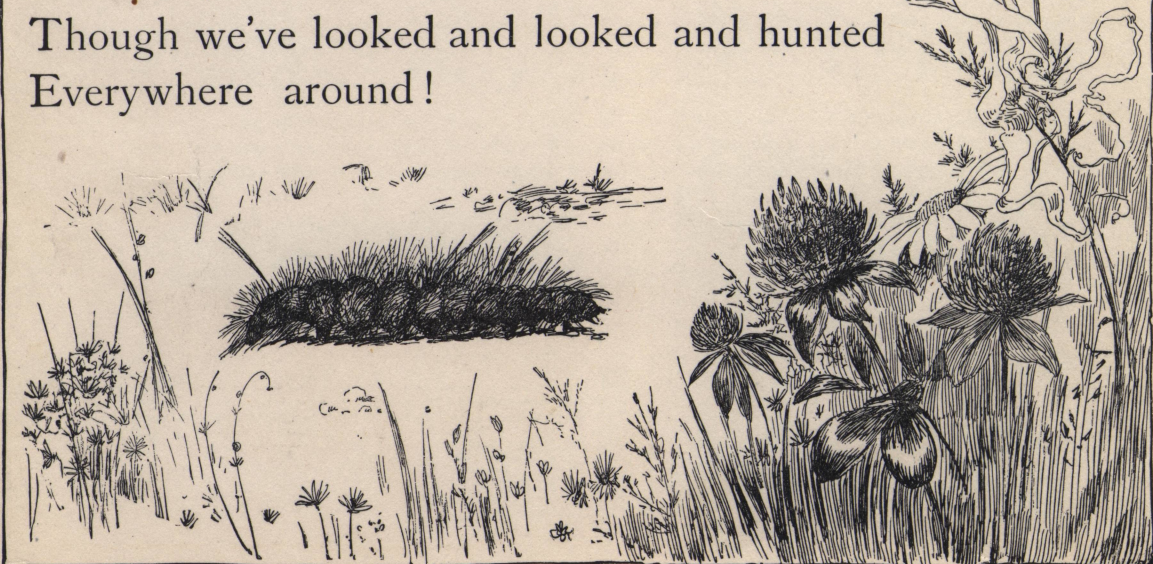
THE CATERPILLAR.

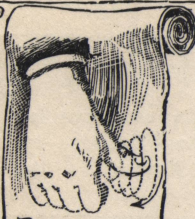


VII. — THE CATERPILLAR.



Fuzzy little caterpillar,
 Crawling, crawling on the ground!
 Fuzzy little caterpillar,
 Nowhere, nowhere to be found,
 Though we've looked and looked and hunted
 Everywhere around!






ROLLED
HIMSELF
AWAY

(Rotate
the thumb,
then double
into the
hand.)

When the little caterpillar
Found his furry coat too tight,
Then a snug cocoon he made him
Spun of silk so soft and light;
Rolled himself away within it—
Slept there day and night.



STIR
RING



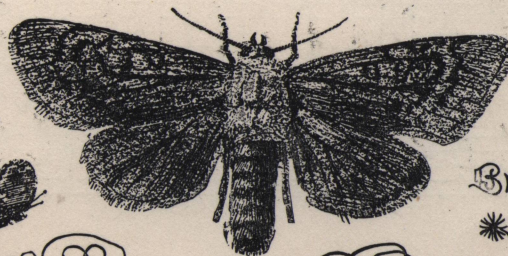
A HEAD WE SPY

See how this cocoon is stirring!
Now a little head we spy—
What! Is *this* our caterpillar
Spreading gorgeous wings to dry?
Soon the free and happy creature
Flutters gayly by.



SPREADING
GORGEOUS
WINGS

FLUTTERS
BY
(Move palms to and fro)



Bridgman

THE CATERPILLAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Crawling, crawling
 2. When the lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar Found his fur - ry
 3. See how this co - coon is stir - ring! Now a lit - tle

on the ground! Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Nowhere, nowhere to be found, Tho' we've looked and coat too tight, Then a snug co-coon he made him Spun of silk so soft and light; Rolled himself a - head we spy—What! is *this* our cat - er - pil - lar Spreading gorgeous wings to dry? Soon the free and

looked and hunted Ev - erywhere a - round!
 way with-in it—Slept there day and night.
 hap - py crea-ture Flut - ters gai - ly by.

VIII.

ALL FOR BABY.





ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —

O, how he can pound!

2 Here is Baby's music
Clapping, clapping so!
Here are Baby's soldiers,
Standing in a row!

3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,
Toot-too-toot! too-too!
Here's the way that Baby
Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

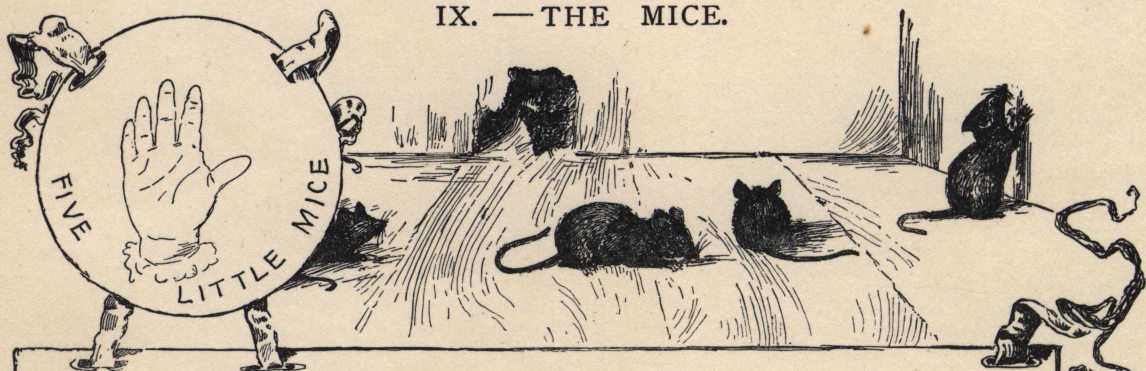
4 Here's a big umbrella —
Keeps the Baby dry!
Here's the Baby's cradle —
Rock-a-baby by!

IX.

THE MICE.

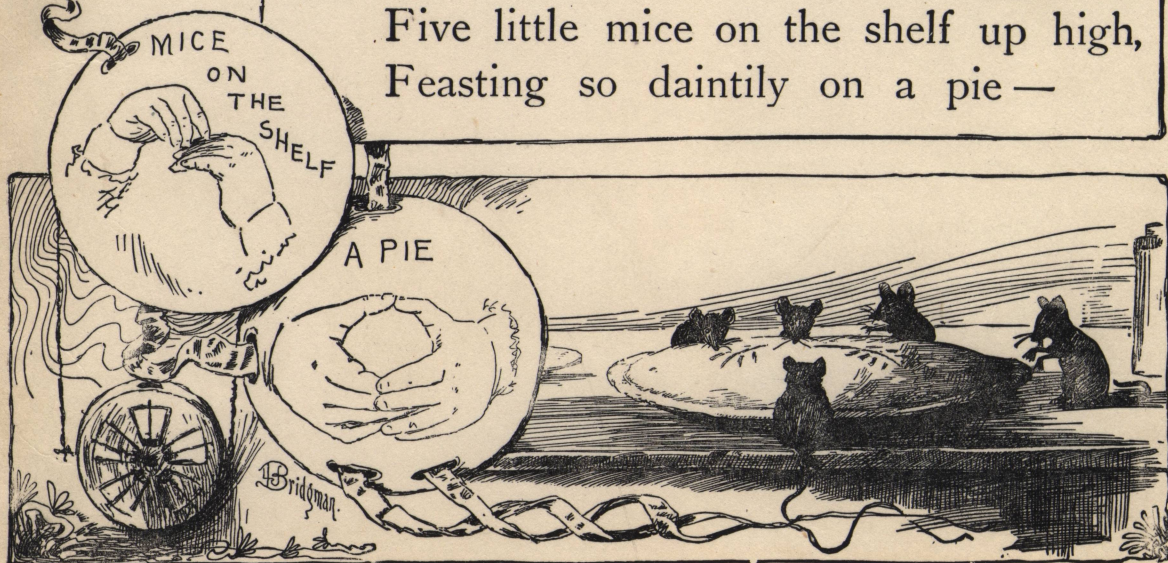


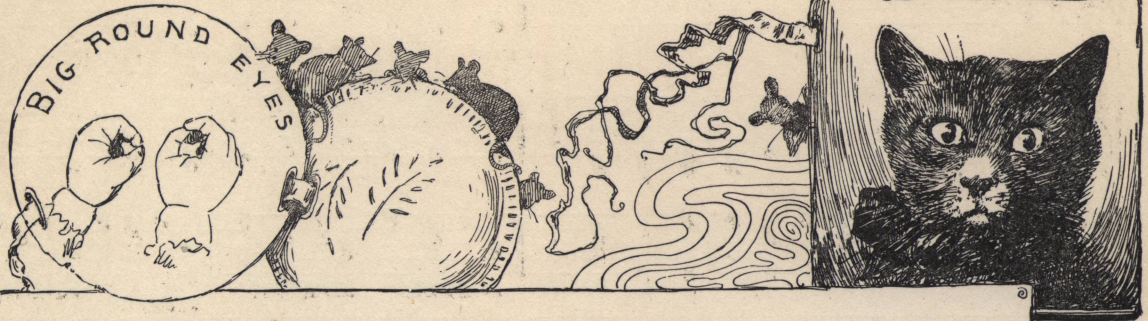
IX. — THE MICE.



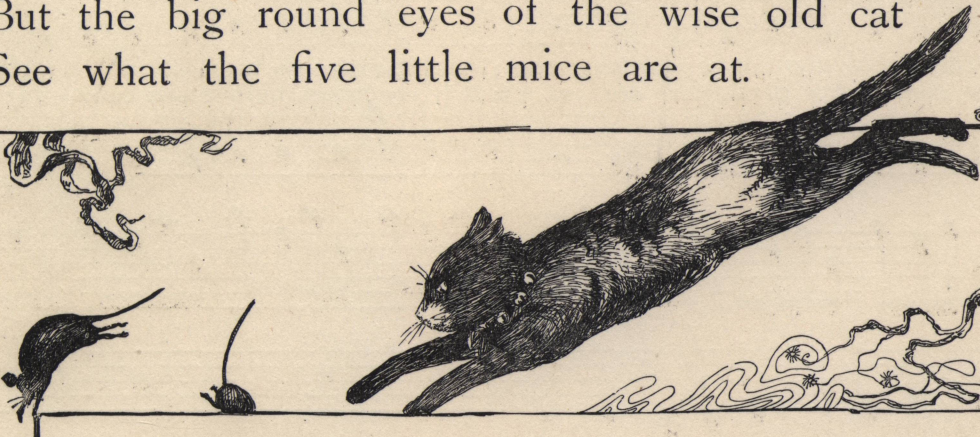
Five little mice on the pantry floor,
Seeking for bread-crumbs or something more;

Five little mice on the shelf up high,
Feasting so daintily on a pie —





But the big round eyes of the wise old cat
See what the five little mice are at.



Quickly she jumps!—but the mice run away,
And hide in their snug little holes all day.

“Feasting in pantries may be very nice;
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.



“MICE
RUN
AWAY”

Left hand lowered
suddenly. [Pounce of the
cat] Right hand
brought behind the
back [Mice run away]

FIVE LITTLE MICE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. { Five lit-tle mice on the pan-try floor,
big round eyes of the wise old cat

Seeking for bread crumbs or something more; Five little mice on the shelf up high,
See what the five lit-tle mice are at. Quick-ly she jumps! but the mice run a-way, And

Feast-ing so dain-ti-ly on a pie— But the
hide in their snug lit-tle holes all day.

2

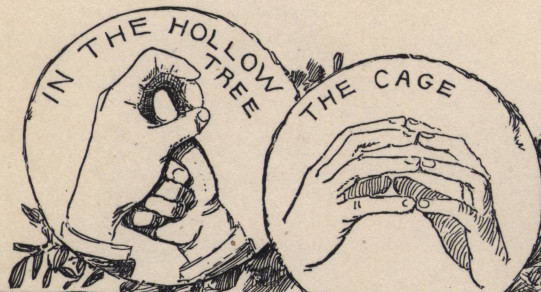
"Feasting in pan-tries may be ver-y nice; But home is the best!" say the five lit-tle mice.

X.

THE SQUIRREL.



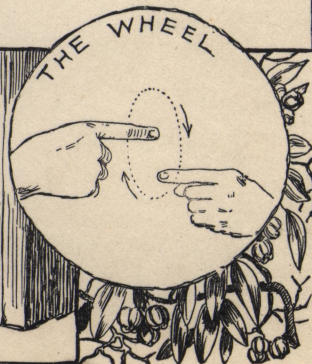
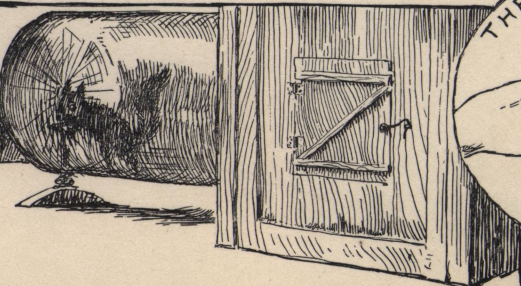
X. — THE SQUIRREL.



"Little squirrel, living there
In the hollow tree,
I've a pretty cage for you;
Come and live with me!

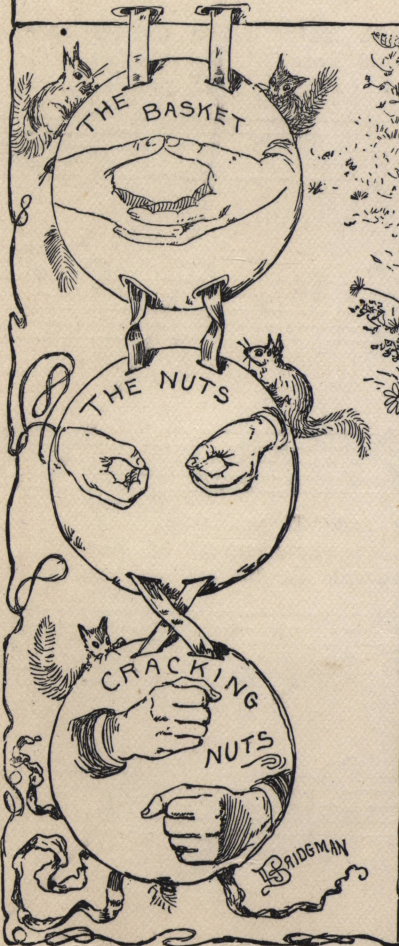


"You may turn the little wheel—
That will be great fun!
Slowly round, or very fast
If you faster run.



“Little squirrel, I will bring
In my basket here
Every day a feast of nuts!
Come, then, squirrel dear.”

But the little squirrel said
From his hollow tree:
“Oh! no, no! I'd rather far
Live here and be free!”



So my cage is empty yet,
And the wheel is still;
But my little basket here
Oft with nuts I fill.

If you like, I'll crack the nuts,
Some for you and me,
For the squirrel has enough
In his hollow tree.

THE SQUIRREL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. "Lit-tle Squirrel, liv-ing there In the hol-low
2. "Lit-tle Squirrel, I will bring In my bas-ket
3. So my cage is emp - ty yet And the wheel is

tree, I've a pret - ty cage for you; Come and live with me! You may turn - the
here Ev - ery day a feast of nuts! Come then, squir - rel dear." But the lit - tle
still; But my lit - tle bas - ket here Oft with nuts I fill. If you like, I'll

lit - tle wheel—That will be great fun! Slow-ly round, or ver - y fast If you fast - er run."
squir - rel said From his hol-low tree: "Oh! no, no! I'd rath - er far Live here and be free."
crack the nuts, Some for you and me, For the squir - rel has enough In his hol-low tree.

XI.

THE SPARROWS.



NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XI. — THE SPARROWS.

“Little brown sparrows,
Flying around,
Up in the tree-tops,
Down on the ground,

“Come to my window,
Dear sparrows, come!
See! I will give you
Many a crumb.



"Here is some water,
Sparkling and clear;
Come, little sparrows,
Drink without fear.

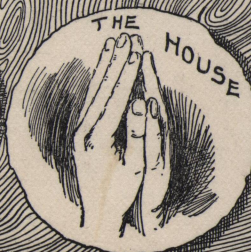


"If you are tired,
Here is a nest;
Wouldn't you like to
Come here to rest?"



All the brown sparrows
Flutter away,
Chirping and singing,
"We cannot stay;

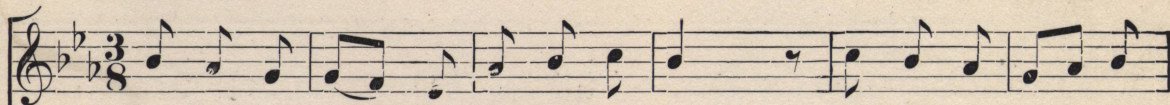
"For in the tree-tops,
'Mong the gray boughs,
There is the sparrows'
Snug little house."



THE SPARROWS.

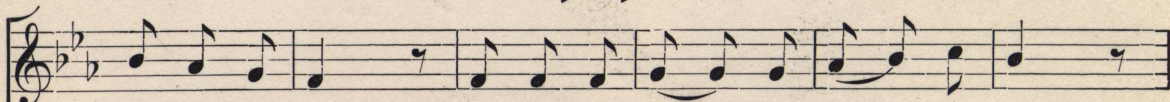
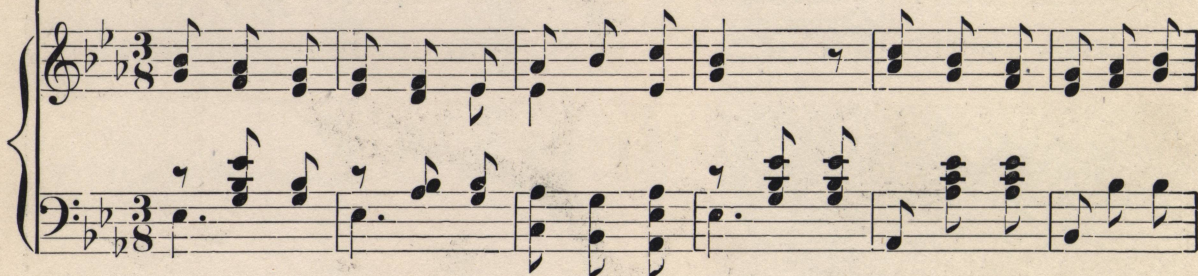
EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



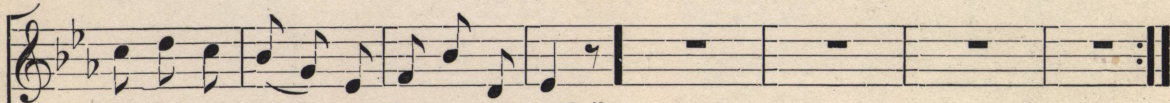
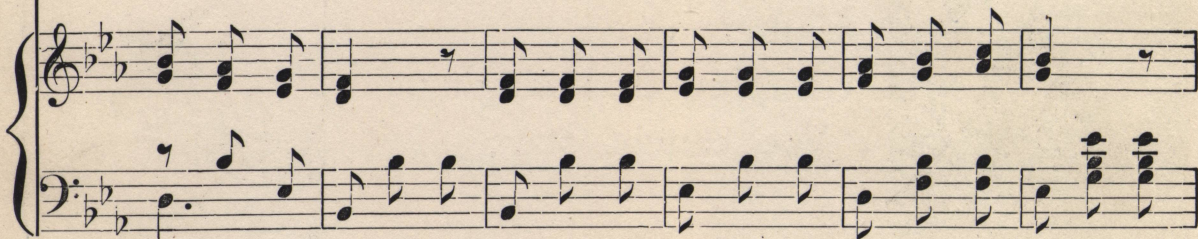
1. "Lit - tle brown spar - rows, Fly - ing a - round,
2. "Here is some wa - ter, Spark-ling and clear;
3. All the brown spar - rows Flut - ter a - way,

Up in the tree - tops,
Come, lit - tle spar - rows,
Chirp-ing and sing - ing,

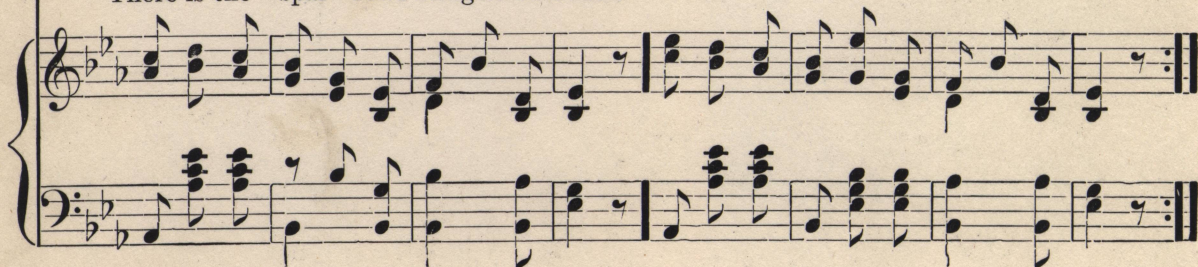


Down on the ground,
Drink with-out fear.
"We can - not stay;

Come to my window, Dear spar - rows, come!
If you are tired, Here is a nest;
For in the tree - tops, 'Mong the gray boughs,



See! I will give you Man-y a crumb."
Wouldn't you like to Come here and rest?"
There is the spar - rows' Snug lit-tle house."



XII.

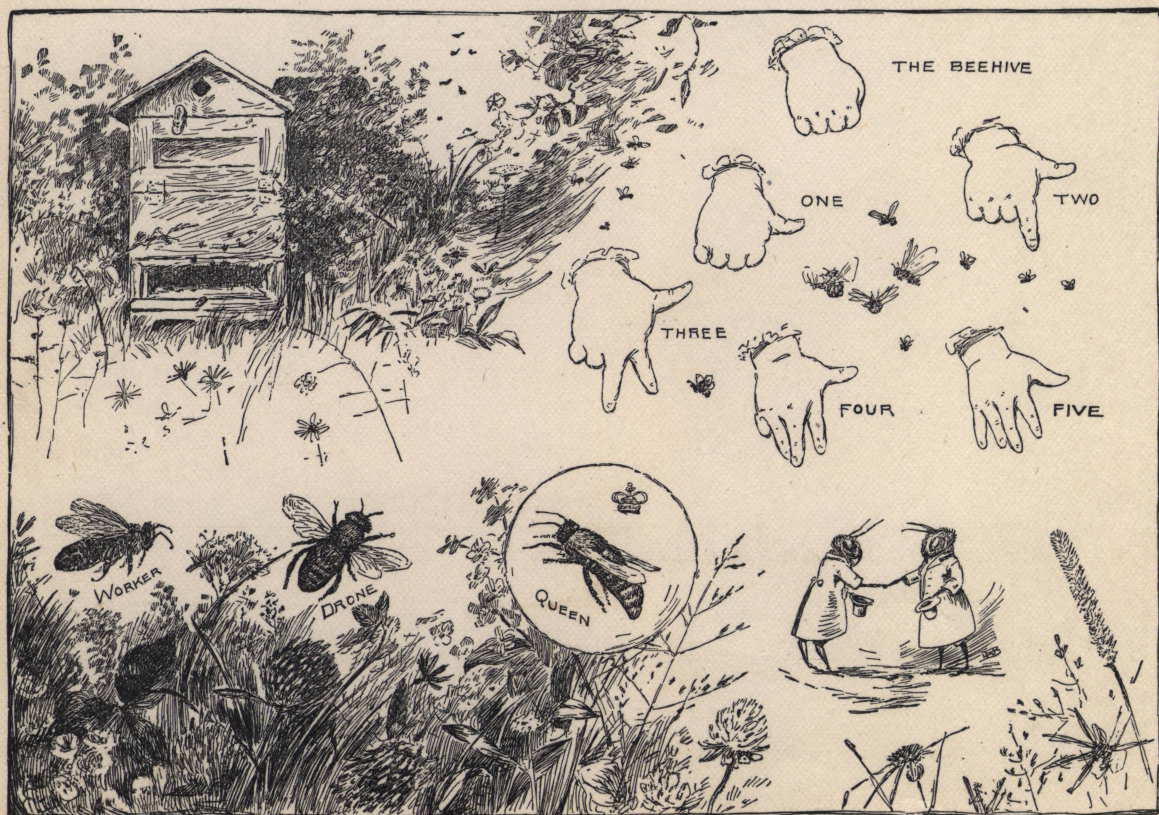
THE COUNTING LESSON.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XII. — THE COUNTING LESSON.

(Right hand.)

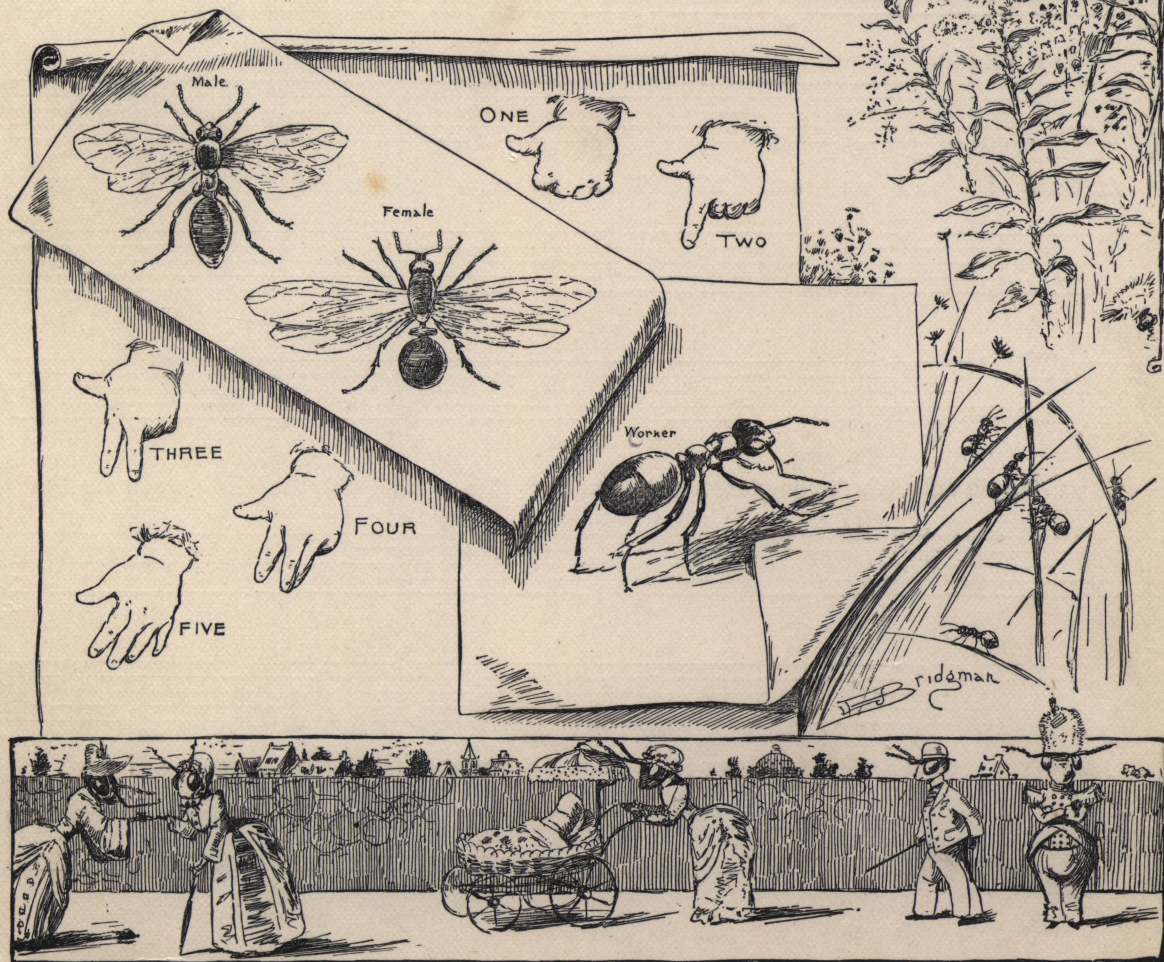
Here is the beehive. Where are the bees?
Hidden away where nobody sees.
Soon they come creeping out of the hive —
One! — two! — three! four! five!



(Left hand.)

Once I saw an ant-hill
 With no ants about;
 So I said, "Dear little ants,
 Won't you please come out?"
 Then as if the little ants
 Had heard my call —
 One! two! three! four! *five* came out!
 And that was all!

ANT-HILL



THE COUNTING LESSON.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1ST VERSE.

1. Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hid-den a - way where no-bod-y sees.

The musical notation for the first verse consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major, starting on G4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment using chords.

Soon they come creep-ing out of the hive — One! — two! — three! four! five!

The musical notation continues on a new line. The melody ends with a final cadence on G4. The bass staff continues with the same accompaniment pattern.

2ND VERSE.

2. Once I saw an ant hill With no ants a - bout; So I said,

The musical notation for the second verse is on a new line. The melody is in G major, starting on G4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment using chords.

"Dear lit-tle ants, Won't you please come out?" Then as if the lit - tle ants Had

The musical notation continues on a new line. The melody ends with a final cadence on G4. The bass staff continues with the same accompaniment pattern.

heard my call — One! two! three! four! five came out! And that was all!

The musical notation concludes on a new line. The melody ends with a final cadence on G4. The bass staff continues with the same accompaniment pattern.

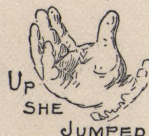
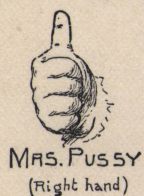
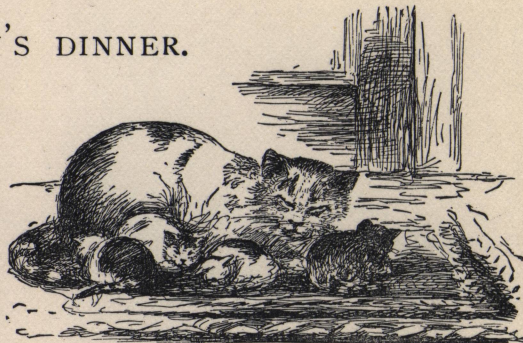
XIII.

MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

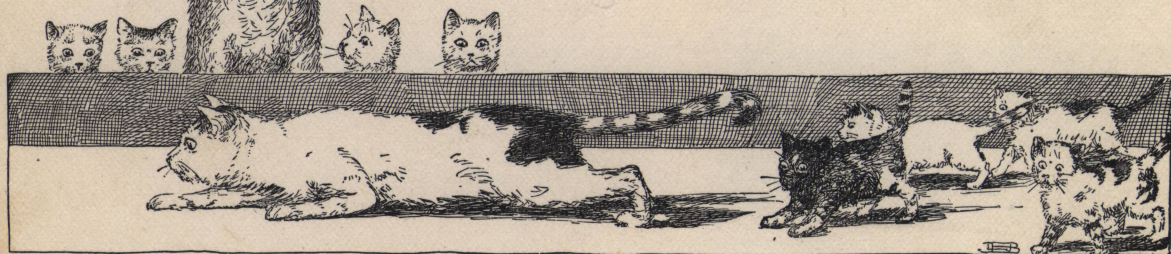
NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XIII. — MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,
With her kittens four,
Went to sleep upon the mat
By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —
Up she jumped in glee:
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!
Let us go and see!”



CREEPING



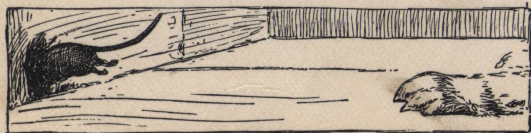
MOUSE
(Left hand)

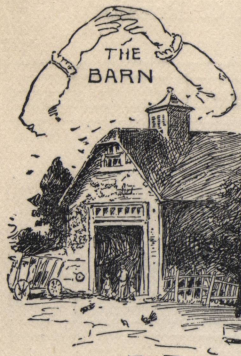


WITHIN
ITS
HOLE

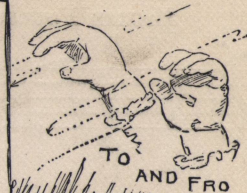


Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole;
But the little mouse had gone
Back within its hole.





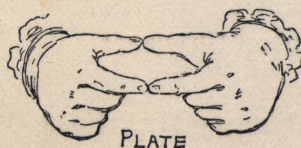
“Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,
 “To the barn we’ll go;
 We shall find the swallow there
 Flying to and fro.”



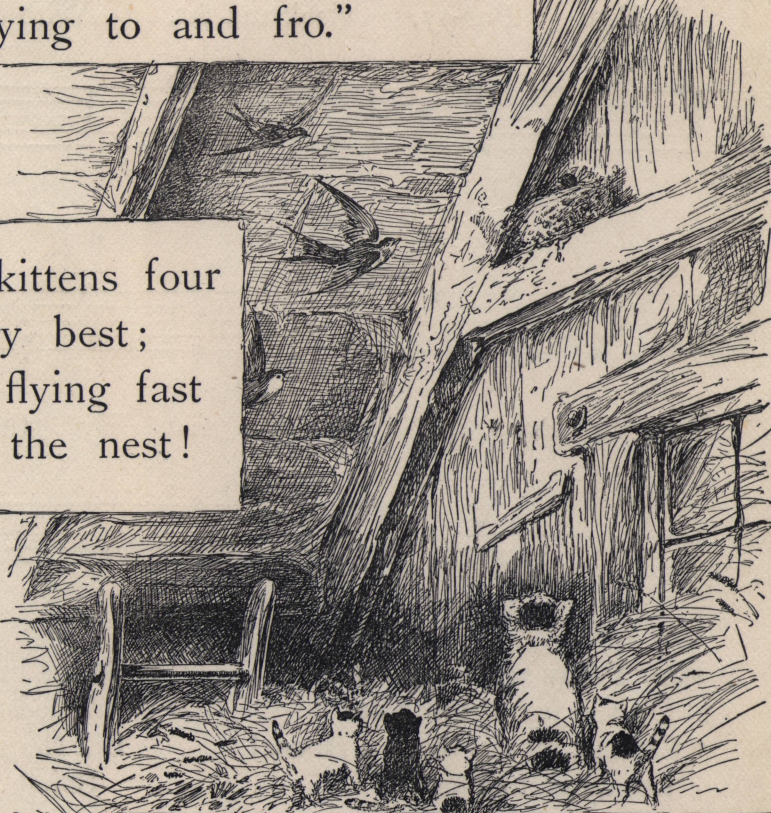
So the cat and kittens four
 Tried their very best;
 But the swallows flying fast
 Safely reached the nest!



NEST



PLATE



Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
 And her kittens four;
 Found their dinner on a plate
 By the kitchen door.

As they gathered round the plate,
 They agreed 'twas nice
 That it could not run away
 Like the birds and mice!



MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. Mrs. Pus-sy, sleek and fat, With her kittens four,

Went to sleep up - on the mat By the kitchen door.

2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —
Up she jumped in glee:
"Kittens, maybe that's a mouse!
Let us go and see!"

3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole;
But the little mouse had gone
Back within its hole.

4 "Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,
"To the barn we'll go;
We shall find the swallows there
Flying to and fro."

5 So the cat and kittens four
Tried their very best;
But the swallows flying fast
Safely reached the nest!

6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
And her kittens four;
Found their dinner on a plate
By the kitchen door.

7 As they gathered round the plate,
They agreed 'twas nice
That it could not run away
Like the birds and mice!

XIV.

HOW THE CORN GREW.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XIV. — HOW THE CORN GREW.

There was a field that waiting lay,
All hard and brown and bare;
There was a thrifty farmer came
And fenced it in with care.

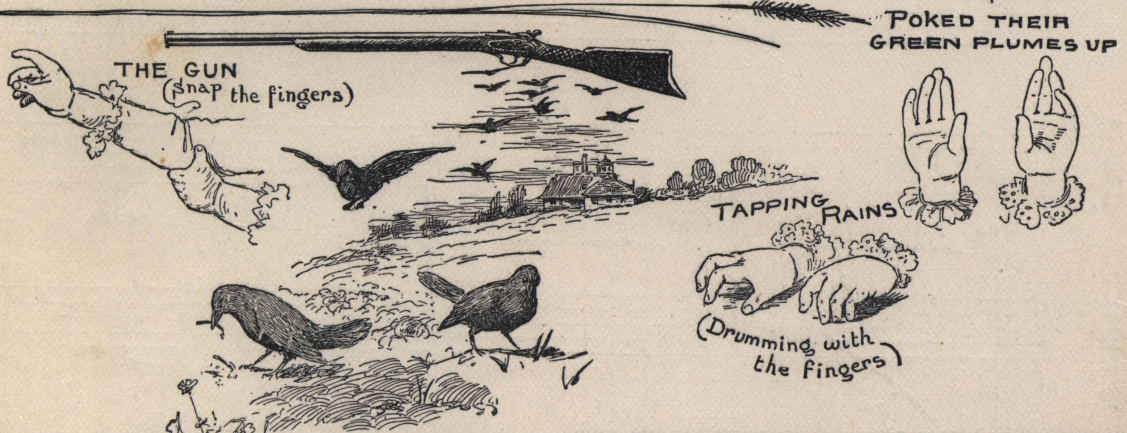


Then came a plowman with his plow;
From early until late,
Across the field and back again,
He plowed the furrows straight.

The harrow then was brought to make
The ground more soft and loose;
And soon the farmer said with joy,
"My field is fit for use."

For many days the farmer then
 Was working with his hoe;
 And little Johnny brought the corn
 And dropped the kernels—so!

And there they lay, until awaked
 By tapping rains that fell,
 Then pushed their green plumes up
 to greet
 The sun they loved so well.



Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows
 Came down the corn to taste;
 But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun
 And off they flew in haste.

Then grew and grew the corn, until,
 When autumn days had come,
 With sickles keen they cut it down,
 And sang the "Harvest Home."



HOW THE CORN GREW.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. There was a field that wait-ing lay, All hard and brown and bare; There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care, There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care.

2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;
From early until late,
Across the field and back again,
He ploughed the furrows straight.

3 The harrow then was brought to make
The ground more soft and loose;
And soon the farmer said with joy,
"My field is fit for use."

4 For many days the farmer then
Was working with his hoe;
And little Johnny brought the corn
And dropped the kernels — so!

5 And there they lay, until awaked
By tapping rains that fell,
Then pushed their green plumes up to greet
The sun they loved so well.

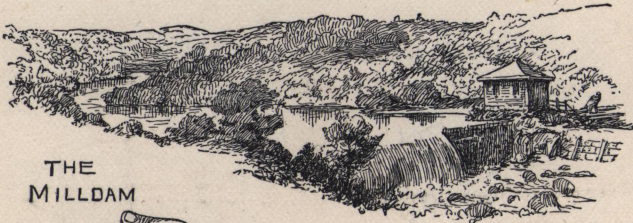
6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows
Came down the corn to taste;
But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,
And off they flew in haste.

7 Then grew and grew the corn, until,
When autumn days had come,
With sickles keen they cut it down,
And sang the "Harvest Home."

XV.

THE MILL.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

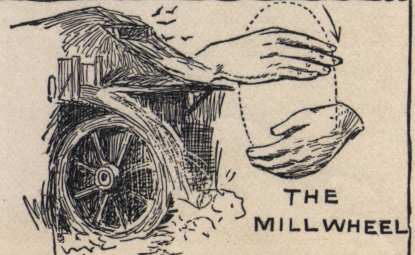
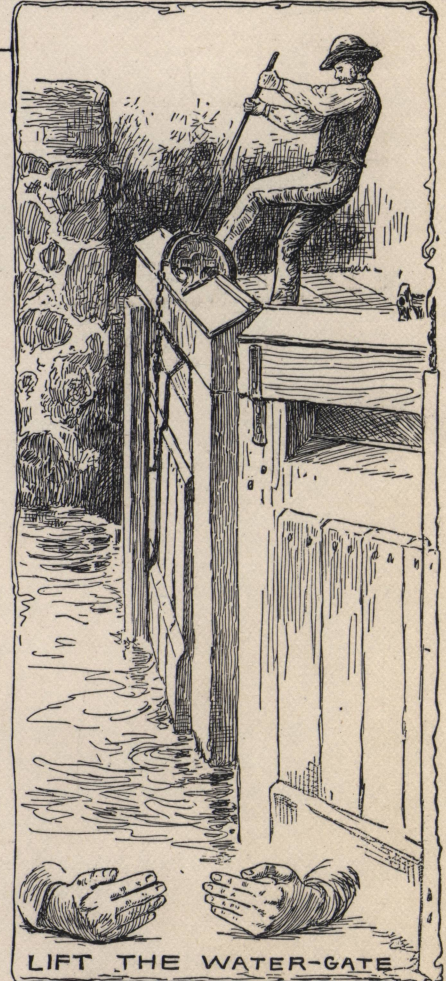


XV. — THE MILL.

A merry little river
Went singing day by day,
Until it reached a mill-dam
That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,
A quiet pond, to wait
Until the busy miller
Should lift the water-gate.

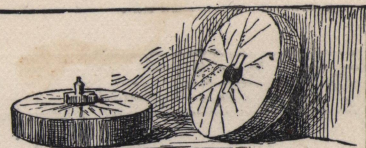
Then, hurrying through the gateway,
The dashing waters found
A mighty millwheel waiting,
And turned it swiftly round.



But faster turned the millstones
 Up in the dusty mill,
 And quickly did the miller
 With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster
 The heavy stones went round,
 Until the golden kernels
 To golden meal were ground.

"Now fill the empty hopper
 With *wheat*," the miller said;
 "We'll grind this into flour
 To make the children's bread."



And still, as flowed the water,
 The mighty wheel went round;
 And still, as turned the millstones,
 The corn and grain were ground.

And busy was the miller
 The livelong day, until
 The water-gate he fastened,
 And silent grew the mill.

THE MILL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. A mer - ry lit - tle riv - er Went sing - ing day by day, Un - til it reached a

mill - dam That stretched a - cross its way. And there it spread its wa - ters, A

qui - et pond, to wait Un - til the bu - sy mil - ler Should lift the wa - ter gate.

- 2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,
The dashing waters found
A mighty millwheel waiting—
And turned it swiftly round.
But faster turned the millstone
Up in the dusty mill,
And quickly did the miller
With corn the hopper fill.
- 3 And faster yet and faster
The heavy stones went round,
Until the golden kernels
To golden meal were ground.

- “Now, fill the empty hopper
With *wheat*,” the miller said;
“We’ll grind this into flour
To make the children’s bread.”
- 4 And still, as flowed the water,
The mighty wheel went round;
And still, as turned the millstones,
The corn and grain were ground.
And busy was the miller
The livelong day, until
The water gate he fastened,
And silent grew the mill.

XVI.

MAKING BREAD.

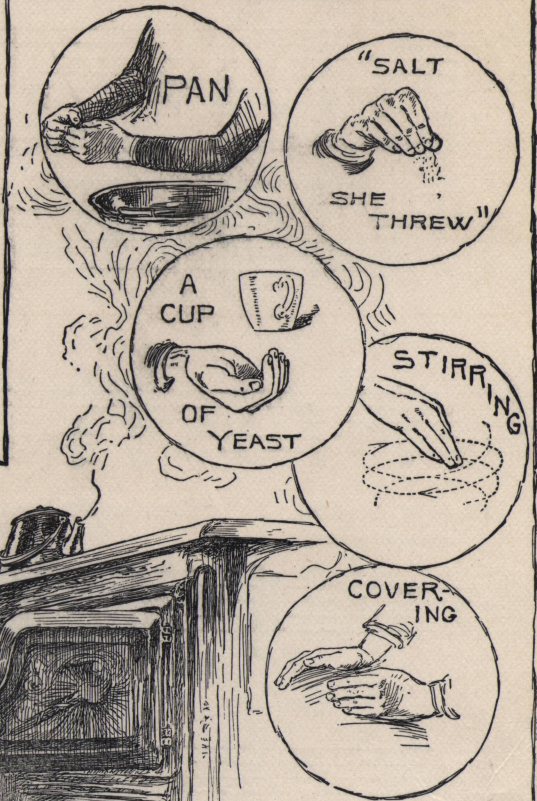
NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XVI. — MAKING BREAD.

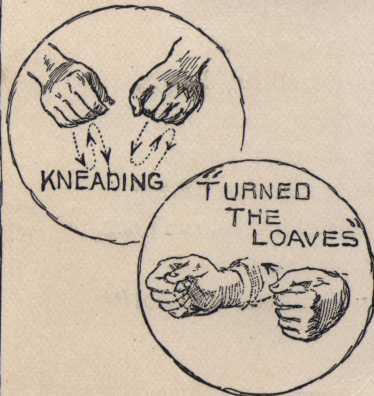


“The farmer and the miller
Have worked,” the mother said,
“And got the flour ready,
So I will make the bread.”
She scooped from out the barrel.
The flour white as snow,
And in her sieve she put it
And shook it to and fro.

Then in the pan of flour
A little salt she threw;
A cup of yeast she added,
And poured in water, too.
To mix them all together
She stirred with busy might,
Then covered it and left it
Until the bread was light.



More flour then she sifted
And kneaded well the dough,
And in the waiting oven
The loaves of bread did go.
The mother watched the baking,
And turned the loaves, each one,
Until at last, rejoicing,
She said, "My bread is done!"



MAKING BREAD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. "The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd,"the mother said, "And got the flo-ur

read-y, So I will make the bread." She scooped from out the bar-rel The

flo-ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.

2 Then in the pan of flour

A little salt she threw;

A cup of yeast she added,

And poured in water, too.

To mix them all together

She stirred with busy might,

Then covered it and left it

Until the bread was light.

3 More flour then she sifted

And kneaded well the dough,

And in the waiting oven

The loaves of bread did go.

The mother watched the baking,

And turned the loaves, each one,

Until at last, rejoicing,

She said, "My bread is done!"

XVII.

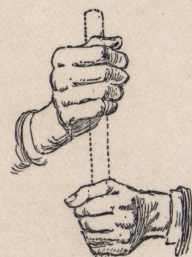
MAKING BUTTER.

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XVII. — MAKING BUTTER.



SKIMMER



CHURNING

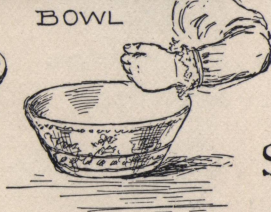
Skim, skim, skim,
 With the skimmer bright ;
 Take the rich and yellow cream,
 Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,
 Now 'tis churning day ;
 Till the cream to butter turn
 Dasher must not stay

Press, press, press;
 All the milk must be
 From the golden butter now
 Pressed out carefully



BOWL

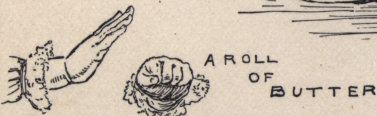


Pat, pat, pat;

Make it smooth and round.

See! the roll of butter's done —

Won't you buy a pound?



"PAT, PAT, PAT"



Taste, oh! taste,

This is very nice;

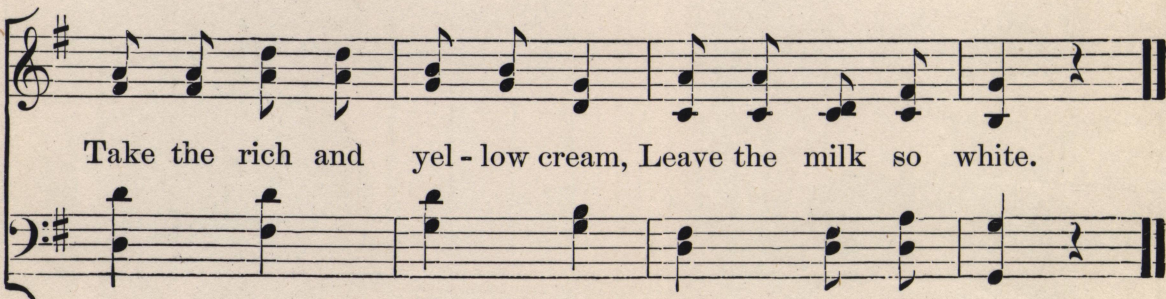
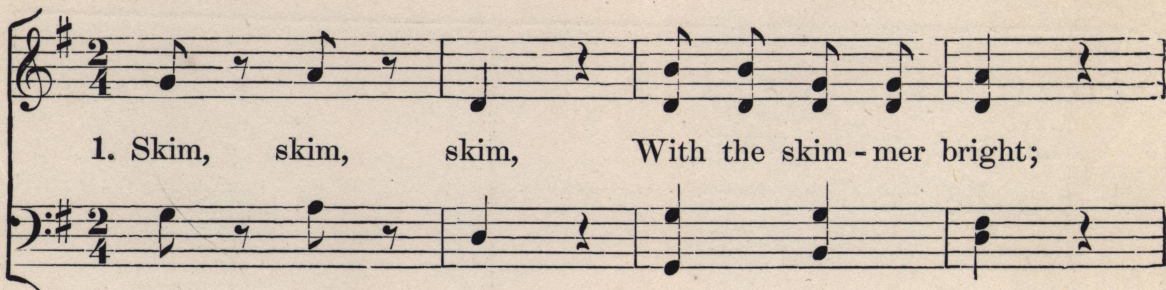
Spread it on the children's bread,

Give them each a slice.

MAKING BUTTER.

EMILIE POULSSON

C. C. ROESKE.



2 Churn, churn, churn,
Now 'tis churning day;
Till the cream to butter turn
Dasher must not stay.

3 Press, press, press;
All the milk must be
From the golden butter now
Pressed out carefully.

4 Pat, pat, pat,
Make it smooth and round.
See! the roll of butter's done—
Won't you buy a pound?

5 Taste, oh! taste,
This is very nice.
Spread it on the children's bread,
Give them each a slice.

XVIII.

SANTA CLAUS.



XVIII. — SANTA CLAUS.



O, clap, clap the hands,
And sing out with glee!
For Christmas is coming
And merry are we!

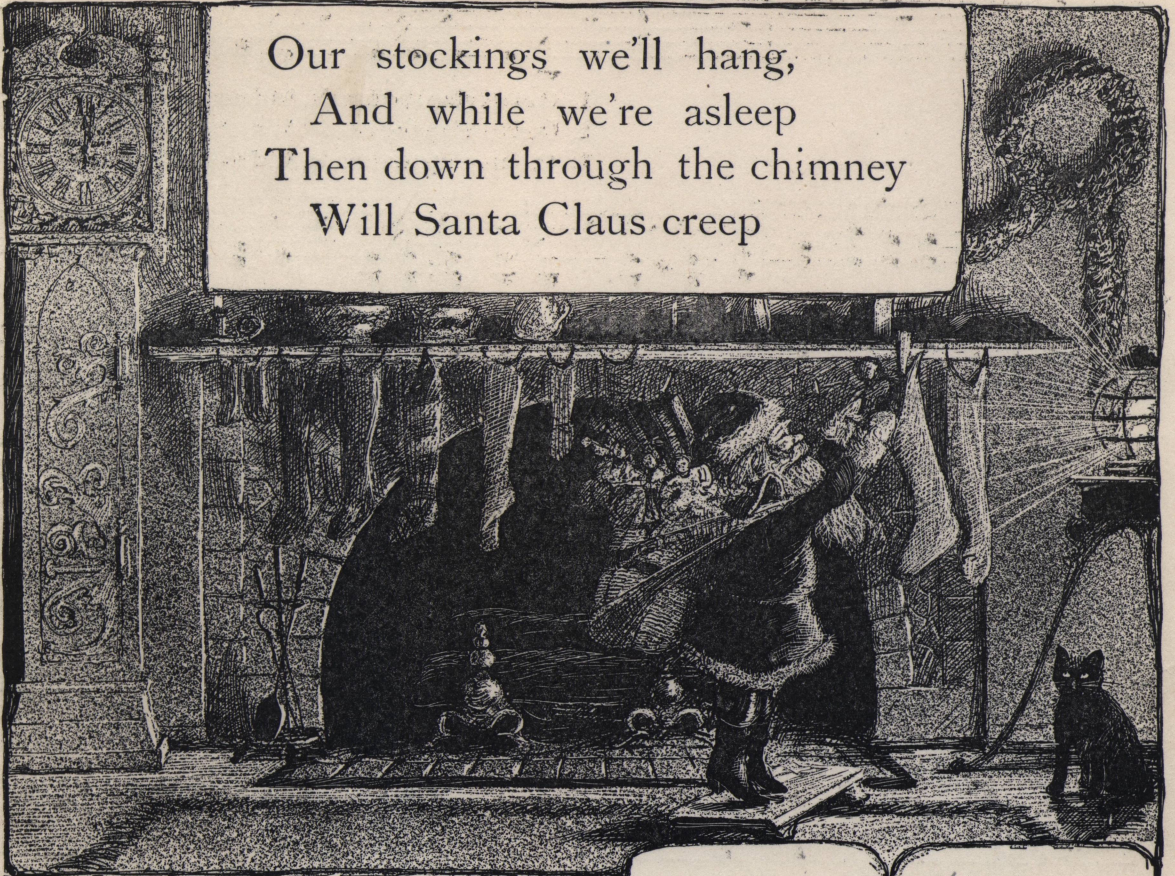
PAIR
OF REINDEERIN SECOND AND
FOURTH VERSES

CLAPPING

THROUGH THE FIRST
AND LAST VERSES

Now swift o'er the snow
The tiny reindeer
Are trotting and bringing
Good Santa Claus near.

Our stockings we'll hang,
And while we're asleep
Then down through the chimney
Will Santa Claus creep



He'll empty his pack,
Then up he will come
And, calling his reindeer,
Will haste away home.



STOCKINGS



SANTA
CLAUS

DOWN THE
CHIMNEY



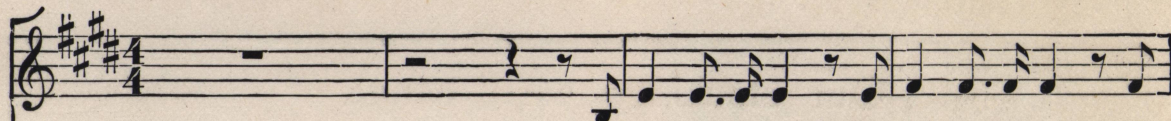
UP HE WILL
COME

Then clap, clap the hands!
And sing out with glee,
For Christmas is coming
And merry are we!

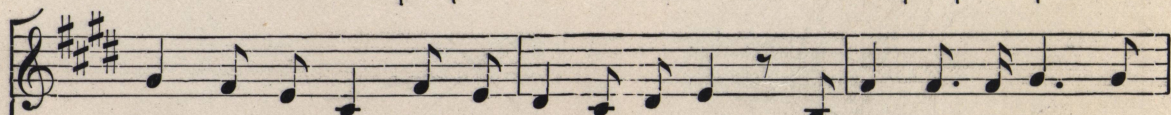
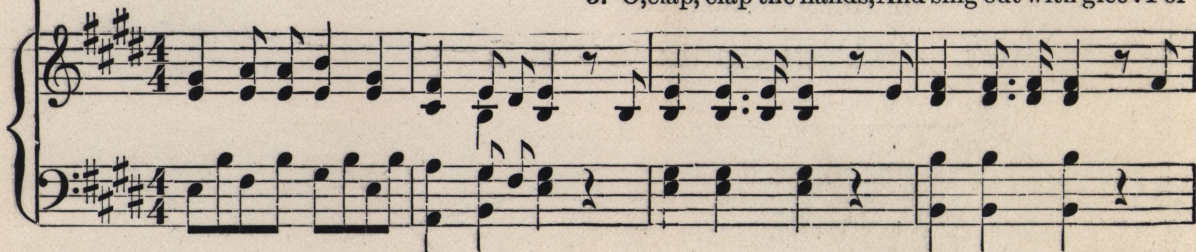
SANTA CLAUS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

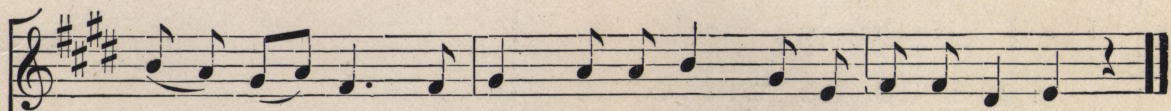
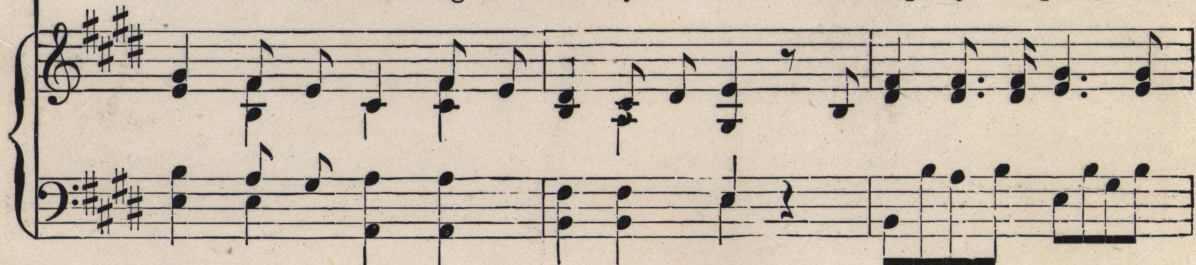
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For
2. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For
3. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For



Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Now swift o'er the snow The
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Our stock - ings we'll hang, And
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! He'll emp - ty his pack, Then



ti - ny rein - deer Are trot - ting and bring - ing Good San - ta Claus near.
 while we'rea sleep Then down thro' the chim - ney Will San - ta Claus creep.
 up he will come And, call - ing the rein - deer, Will hastea - way home.

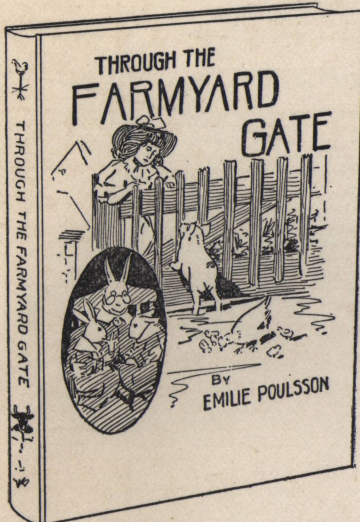


THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE.

Rhymes and Stories for Little Children at Home and in Kindergarten.

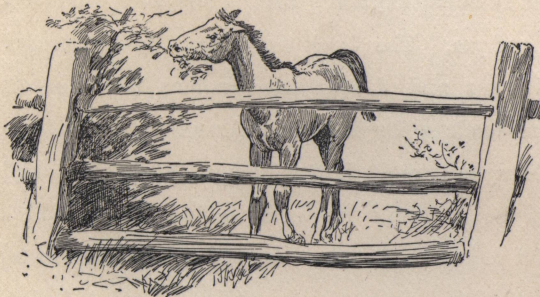
By EMILIE POULSSON.

4to, Cloth. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. \$1.50.

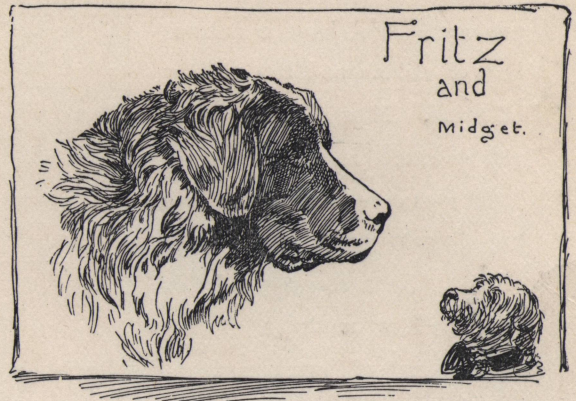


MISS POULSSON'S name is known in every kindergarten in the land. As a practical kindergartener, as the author of "Nursery Finger Plays" and "In the Child's World," and as a charming writer for the little ones, she has established a reputation that assures a ready welcome to any new work from her pen. The sales of her delightful "Nursery Finger Plays" have been enormous, and an equal suc-

cess should attend this new volume, "Through the Farmyard Gate." Primarily it teaches love for animals; indeed, the characters in the verses and stories are the dear friends about the farmyard gate. But, more than



this, it furnishes reading matter and subject for talk, both in the nursery and the kindergarten; while the pictures of Mr. Bridgman, whose drawings gave so much effect to Miss Poulsson's "Finger Plays," add life and attractiveness to the "Farmyard Gate."



LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

WHAT THE DRAGON FLY TOLD THE CHILDREN.

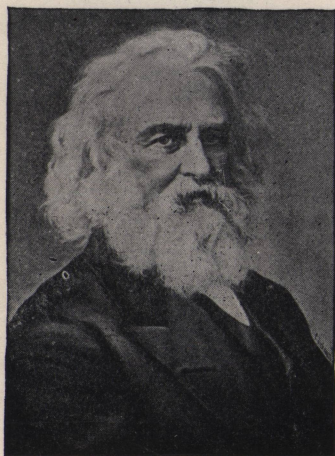
By FRANCES BELL COURSEN.

One vol., 4to, illustrated, \$1.50.

TO interest children in poetry, especially the poetry of nature, is not always readily accomplished; and yet nearly all children are poetic, and have a natural love of rhyme and the melody of verse. Miss Coursen is of the opinion that children early in life can be brought to love the great poets and their works. As a step toward this end she has made a slender

little story of summer days in the country the medium by which to introduce into the narrative, and bring to the attention of young children, the work of some of our greatest poets. A buzzing, gossipy dragon fly darting in and out among the summer flowers, itself the very poetry of motion, is the introducer. And he does his work so deftly that

before the summer is over the boys and girls are delighted students of the famous English poets. The idea is novel and the plan unique. The book is beautifully illustrated with many pictures and decorations, among them small portraits of the leading English and American poets from Chaucer to Tennyson and Longfellow. A daintier and more delightful book would be hard to find for a child's hand; while its influence in the way of education, taste, culture, and poetical discrimination must be instant and lasting upon the young minds and the investigating eyes before which it is brought.



LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.



THE FIVE LITTLE FINGER STORIES.

© © A BOOK FOR CHILDREN © ©

BY LUCY HAMILTON WARNER.

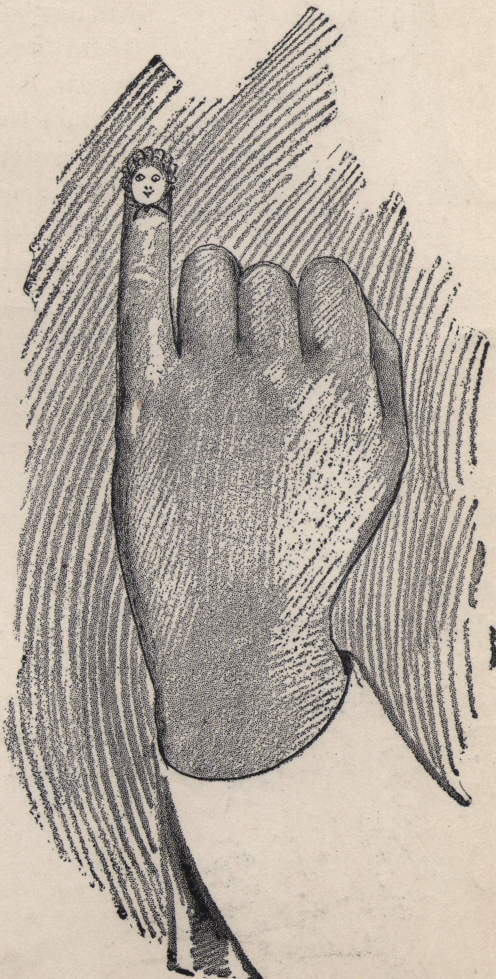
4to, cloth, with unique original illustrations, \$1.25.

There can never be too many stories for children, if only they are interesting and helpful; but a variation of the old style is especially welcome for its novelty, and will stand a chance of longer engaging the child's attention. "The Five Little Finger Stories" are designed to meet this want of something fresh and original, and will readily commend themselves to children on that account.

The fingers and the thumb each tells its own stories, these stories being quaint little fancies about fairies and elves, and entertaining stories



about pet animals, with an occasional autobiography from one of them, as in "Woggie's Wonders," which is the story of a frog from the beginning of its career. "The Clothes-line Imps," "The Broom Fairies," "May's Musical Bars," "Who lives in Mamma's Work Bag?" "Mr. and Mrs. Flyaway 'At Home,'" are some of the other stories of this fascinating volume, which is full of droll conceits, and yet conveys many hints to make children more kind to animals, more ready to help others, as well as more observant of the wonders of nature.



LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN.

BY CAROLINE HUNT RIMMER.

Quarto, cloth, \$1.25; decorated with an appropriate and beautiful design in inks and gold, illustrated with charming frontispiece of "Baby Neptune" from bas-relief by the author, and with numerous other appropriate cuts.



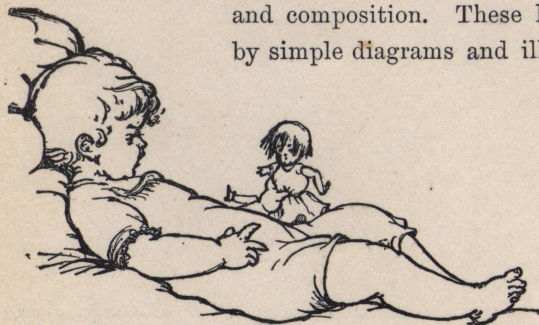
One, surely, could be found better qualified to interest and guide children in art than Caroline Hunt Rimmer, herself a deft and delightful illustrator of child life and child ways. In this new book, which she terms "Figure Drawing for Children," Miss Rimmer essays to teach pleasantly, and in a series of brief lessons, the art of figure drawing so that the child who has any aptitude for handling a Faber HH can, in the fewest lines and most correct proportions, draw the pictures of other children. All this may sound like a text book, but it is not. The book

is direct, simple, suggestive and practical, but it is never dry; while the wealth of technical and decorative illustrations that fills its pages gives proof of Miss Rimmer's ability to draw as well as to instruct, and is certain to catch the wandering eye and chain the restless fancies of the young artist whose hand is ever ready to attempt what the untrained eye cannot, uninstructed, perform. As a home help the book is invaluable. The papers of which it is composed are of especial value to all interested in the development of art among the children, and are steps toward excellence in drawing which any child who loves to draw can, with home oversight, certainly take. The twelve chapters of the book deal with: Proportions of the child-figure; action by means of single lines; age and action in the single-line figure; the solid form; the solid form, side and back; action in the solid figure; the head—front view; the head—side view; the head—back view and expression; the arm, fore-arm and hand; the thigh, leg and foot; foreshortening



and composition. These lessons in drawing are emphasized and explained by simple diagrams and illustrations, and the unique and attractive volume

is at once a picture-book and a drawing-book, a volume on art and a storehouse of suggestions that will prove a boon whenever the active brain and busy hand of children with the taste for drawing seek for subject or occupation.



The book has been carefully compiled and dressed, and is beautifully printed, at-

tractively bound and delightfully illustrated. The frontispiece and other decorative cuts are excellent specimens of Miss Rimmer's most effective work.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

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